SPECIAL FALL ISSUE

MAD

No. 67

Dec. '61

OUR PRICE

25¢

CHEAP



"I take Bayar because competition from other aspirins is giving me that anxious feeling of

NAUSEA!"



"I take Bayar because aggravation from my client is giving me that gut-ripping feeling of

ULCERS!"



"I take Bayar because the decline in value of my stock is giving me that panicky feeling of

HYSTERIA!"



"I *don't* take Bayar because I get plain just-as-good aspirin much cheaper, which gives me a feeling of

THRIFT!"



BAYAR
NEEDS FAST RELIEF!



...disastrous rumors about all aspirins being alike is causing company GREAT CONCERN



Men who know medicine recommend aspirin. The trouble is, they *never* recommend *Bayar* by name — despite the billions of free samples we send them . . . because aspirin is aspirin, darn it!

YOU CAN'T imagine how sick the Bayar people are about this vicious rumor. How can anyone be stupid enough to think all aspirins are alike? Just look at all the extras Bayar gives! Can other aspirins match these? Do they have cute little tin boxes? *No!* Can their names be spelled horizontally and vertically, meeting in the middle on each pill? *No!* Do they have lovely ads showing the human body with clever glass guts? *No!* All they give is plain, gov't-approved aspirin, the same as we give! Now think it over: isn't it worth paying four or five times more for all our wonderful extras? . . *No??*

NUMBER 67 DECEMBER 1961

MAD

"Petting is one game where the players prefer to stay on the bench!"
— Alfred E. Neuman

PUBLISHER: William M. Gaines **EDITOR:** Albert B. Feldstein

ART DIRECTOR: John Putnam **PRODUCTION:** Leonard Brenner
EDITORIAL ASSOCIATES: Jerry De Fuccio, Nick Meglin
LAWSUITS: Martin J. Scheiman **PROPAGANDA MINISTER:** Larry Gore
SUBSCRIPTIONS: Gloria Orlando, Celia Morelli, Anthony Giordano
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS:
The Usual Gang of Idiots

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MAD — Dec., 1961, Vol. 1, Number 67, is published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E.C. Publications, Inc., at 850 Third Avenue, New York 22, New York. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N. Y. Subscriptions, 9 issues for $2.00 in the U.S. Elsewhere, $2.50. Allow 6 weeks for change of address to become effective. Printed in U.S.A.

VITAL FEATURES

ARMY ROCKET BELT DEVELOPED .. 4



The Army is proud of its amazing new rocket belt—but the G. I.'s have doubts as to whether they'll be *put into orbits—or obits.*

DO-IT-YOURSELF MAG COVERS 10



Now you can be a big-time magazine editor, and put together the new issue's cover that looks exactly like last issue's cover.

OPEN OFFICE WEEK 13



If parents can check on kids by talking to their teachers, why can't kids check on parents by talking to their employers?

READER'S DIGRESS 23



A s't're of the m'g'z'ne that c'nd'ns's e'v'yth'ng into s'mple w'ds to m'tch the int'll'g'nce of those who r'd it and sw'r by it.

IF NATION'S TRADED PEOPLE 31



MAD would like nations to trade people like Big League teams do—so we could trade off writers of articles like this one.

A MAD LOOK AT PICNICS 34



Let's take a look at that American family pastime enjoyed by all—Mothers, Fathers, Sisters, Uncles—and especially the Ants.

WHEN TV ADS TAKE OVER 38



MAD forsees a time when Mad. Ave. has succeeded in extending commercial time until we only have spot entertainment on TV.

A DAY WITH J. F. K. 43



An up-to-date operetta in which **MAD** becomes the *"Lord High Executioner"*—by murdering some songs of Gilbert and Sullivan.

LETTERS DEPT.



IS OUR FACE RED!?

Recently, to chide *Playboy* for bragging about receiving a letter with only their "Rabbit" trade mark for an address, we published a photo of a letter we received with only "Alfie's face" for an address. Well, we goofed! The envelope we received (with postmark and cancelled stamp) had been returned to the sender without mark or comment by the Post Office, and he forwarded it to us in another envelope. Due to a processing error (our mail is opened by machine!), the enclosed envelope was mistaken for an outside envelope. Sorry, *Playboy*. Alfie's face is really red — but obviously not by enough Post Office employees!—Ed.

SUNDAY COMIC SECTION

I mourn the passing of a great literary publication. As a MAD reader, consistently since the first edition, I feel a great epoch in our modern civilization has passed. Because MAD will never be able to issue anything that will top the "Fourth Annual Edition" and its great "Sunday Comic Section We'd Like To See"! Therefore, I presume that you will now sell your printing presses, and go into subliminal "Halavah" advertising.

P. Nathan Williams
Irvington, Calif.

The MAD "Sunday Comic Section" is great. I would have felt terrible if you had left me out.

Charles M. Schulz ("Peanuts")
Sebastopol, Calif.

Re: MAD's maligning of my Mary—it only hurts when I laugh . . . but I laughed my fool head off!

Allen Saunders ("Mary Worth")
Toledo, Ohio

SUMMER TRAVEL ISSUE

The "Special Summer Travel Issue" of MAD was exactly that. It traveled straight into the garbage can!

James Stephenson
Delaware, Ohio

I was appalled at the horrible error on the cover of your "Summer Travel Issue". The inscription on the magnificent edifice should read: "QVID, ME ANXIVS SVM?" and not "QUID, ME ANXIUS SUM?". I always enjoy yovr trvthfvl ovtlook and the vbiqvity of yovr pvblication.

Trvly yovrs,
Mvrray Falk
Calgary, Alberta, Can.

EXAMPLE OF SATIRE

I just thought you clods might like to know that your trash is serving an educational purpose. Our English teacher encourages us to read MAD as an example of satire.

Bob Vernon
Los Angeles, Calif.

Good—or bad?—Ed.

HE STEALS TRASH

MAD has finally wormed its way into bureaucratic Washington. *The New York Times* of July 3rd reported: "Senator Jacob K. Javits, New York Republican, received a letter from Michael Bender of New Paltz calling for a radical change in national space policy. 'With only slight changes in design,' Mr. Bender wrote, 'Our present ICBM missiles can be converted and used to put Earth's future trash into outer space, the one place there is enough dumping room. In time, Earth will take on the appearance of Saturn, with a gigantic ring of garbage around it. Speed in adopting the plan is most essential.'" The absurd part, though, is that Sen. Javits liked the idea which was swiped word-for-word from MAD. Or at least he said he does. *The Times* continued: "Senator Javits replied that the plan was 'very interesting' and he would promptly pass it on to the National Aeronautics and Space Administration." You guys should at least demand full credit, since this idea was carried in MAD #56.

Charles DeLaFuente
Jamaica, N. Y.

SOURCE OF STRENGTH

Men become great in many ways. Among them is study and emulation of great men in history or on the contemporary scene. In Reno, we have a mayor, Bud Baker, who has been plagued with difficulties—a burglary ring in the Police Department, charges of corruption, Grand Jury indictments of City Councilmen, and constant criticism of his own overdrawn travel-expense account. Somehow, though, Bud has managed to remain calm in the midst of this deluge, and few people have understood why. The Mayor has always smiled, and maintained a sort of "What—Me Worry?" mien, and we all thought it was because of some inner serenity, some inner strength. What the source of the Mayor's strength was few people knew—until our local newspaper hit the streets yesterday. There, on the front page, was a picture of our beloved leader . . . and on the wall of the Mayor's office, for all to see and contemplate, was a picture of the source of his strength, the object of his study and emulation: Alfred E. Neuman.

Mr. and Mrs. Alton Glass, Jr.
Reno, Nevada

COLLISION COURSE

My Uncle recently ran across his first copy of MAD. It was lying in the road.

Mitzi Rochester
Tacoma, Wash.

LAUGHS, TO BOOT

I got a big kick out of your latest issue . . . mainly when my father caught me reading it.

Herbert Greene
East Berne, New York

GETS A BANG OUT OF MAD

I enjoy reading MAD for the same reason I enjoy banging my head against a wall—it feels so good when I stop!

Jay Beder
New York, N. Y.

LEGAL QUESTION

How do you keep from getting plastered with law suits?

Sally Richards
Cincinnati, Ohio

We always leave them lath-ing!—Ed.

WE GOT HIS IRISH UP

I am here in the U. S. visiting my aunt and uncle from Dublin, and happened to pick up MAD at a local American newsstand. Your magazine is very witty, and I enjoyed it very much. It has shown me that America must be a wonderful place in which to live, because you have the capacity to laugh at yourselves. Please keep up the tremendous work, and through your efforts, the world will learn to love you.

Braun D'Uva
Dublin, Eire

THE JACK KENNEDY SHOW

I just finished reading your hilarious September issue (#65). It was one of the best! I'd give anything to see President Kennedy's face when he reads your little bit of satire, "The Jack Kennedy Show"!

Liz Dicker
Oakdale, N. Y.

MAD continues to top itself—as well as its imitators. No. 65's "Jack Kennedy Show" take-off alone deserves framing. Thanks for a "Saturday Review" of humor and satire.

Kenneth McNatt
Little Rock, Ark.

A MAD OPINION

In a recent "Principles of Democracy" class at Hyde Park High School, a student inquired as to the difference between the two major political parties. It was decided to form a research project in which students would write outstanding public figures of the day, asking them for their opinions. We would appreciate your brief definition of the difference between the Democratic and Republican parties.

Jewel Watson
Principles of Democracy Class
Hyde Park High School
Hyde Park, Mass.

The difference between the Republican Party and the Democratic Party is that whichever party is in power, it does a terrible job according to the other, even though the other would probably do the same job if it were in power, in which case it would be doing a terrific job.—Ed.

Please address all correspondence to:
MAD, Dept. 67, 850 Third Avenue
New York 22, New York

FORWARD, ARCH! DEPT.

AMAZING MILITARY ROCKET-BELT DEVELOPED

ARMY UNSURE OF PRACTICAL USE

Recently, the American public was startled to see movies and news photos of the successful testing of a perfected rocket belt. The pictures clearly showed a test engineer being propelled over land, water, trees and trucks at a height of fifteen feet. However, the Army confessed that it had no ideas as to the practical application of this ingenious invention. And so, with this article, MAD, in its typical public-spirited way, offers some suggestions.

MAD'S SUGGESTIONS FOR USE

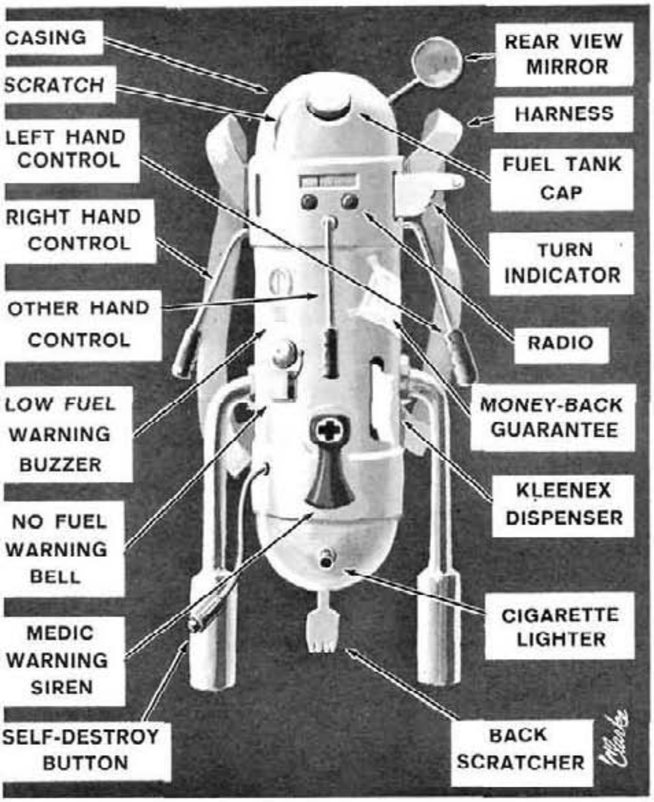
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE



TROOP MOVEMENTS

The new rocket belt can be a boon to foot-weary infantry soldiers. All the necessities of Army life can be easily

NOMENCLATURE OF ROCKET BELT



OPERATION OF ROCKET BELT



**JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH "... boring!"

OF NEW ARMY ROCKET BELT

WRITER: AL JAFFEE



carried along on those forced marches and 20-mile hikes, without having to use overcrowded, long, winding roads. This effortless mobility will also make civilians green with envy, instead of gloating over GI's usual discomfort.

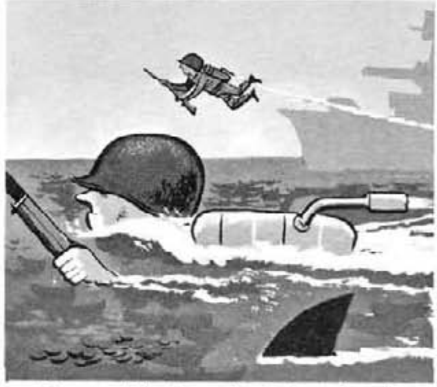
WARTIME USES F

GOING OVERSEAS



Worst part of war is getting seasick on troopships. Now GI can float over heaving deck pleasantly during rough weather, and enjoy the sight of Navy officers and men hanging over rails.

HITTING THE BEACHES



The terrible hazards of invasion by landing craft, such as overcrowding, pushing, shoving, and B.O. will be eliminated. Also minor problems like being sunk before hitting the beaches.

DRYING OUT



As anyone who has been in an invasion knows, nothing is more annoying than landing on a beach sopping wet. Now, warm rocket blasts can dry men out so later attack can be fought in comfort.

PEACETIME USES

REVEILLE



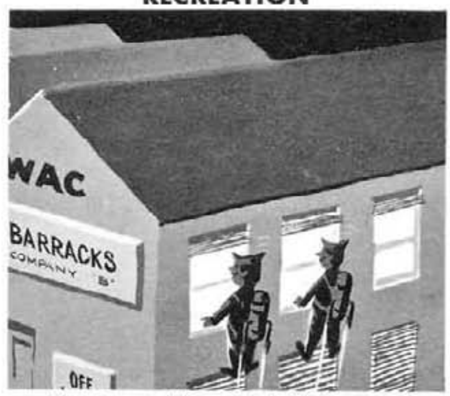
After wild night in town, sleepy GI can sleep while standing at attention by using rocket belt at half-power.

POLICING AREA



Yardbirds can blast butts and garbage clear off Army base, much like hosing down a driveway with stream of water.

RECREATION



After-hours leisure activities are so important to camp morale. Rocket-belts can improve GI-type sports and games.

SURPLUS SALE USE

Commuting



Agriculture



Deep Sea Fishing



Advertising



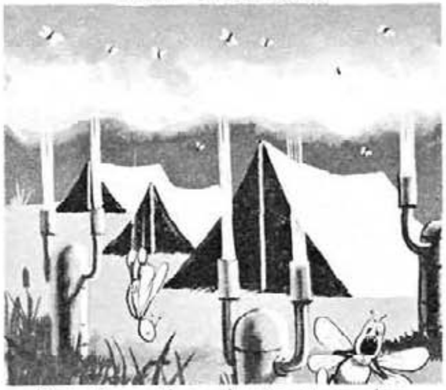
OR ROCKET BELT

CAMOUFLAGE



Rocket-belted GI can be sprayed with *foam to simulate cloud. But check his* electrical charge. Possible collision with an oppositely-charged GI could cause thunder, lightning and rain.

PEST CONTROL



Since inconsiderate battle commanders *usually pick lousiest places to fight,* insect ridden areas can now be easily cleared by letting rocket belts blast all night in an upside-down position.

CHOW



Biggest inconvenience on battlefield *is having to start fighting without* morning cup of hot coffee. Now, with rocket blast, problem is solved. Also makes afternoon coffee-break possible.

FOR ROCKET BELT

FURLOUGHS



Going on furloughs will be made much easier and convenient by rocket belt —especially without furlough papers.

INTERSERVICE RIVALRIES



GI's will no longer worry about being outclassed by Sailors, Marines or Air Force men during those barroom brawls.

SPACE FLIGHT



Rocket belts make GI participation in this experimental field possible, like sending chicken Officers into orbit.

S FOR ROCKET BELT

Sports



Construction



Child Care



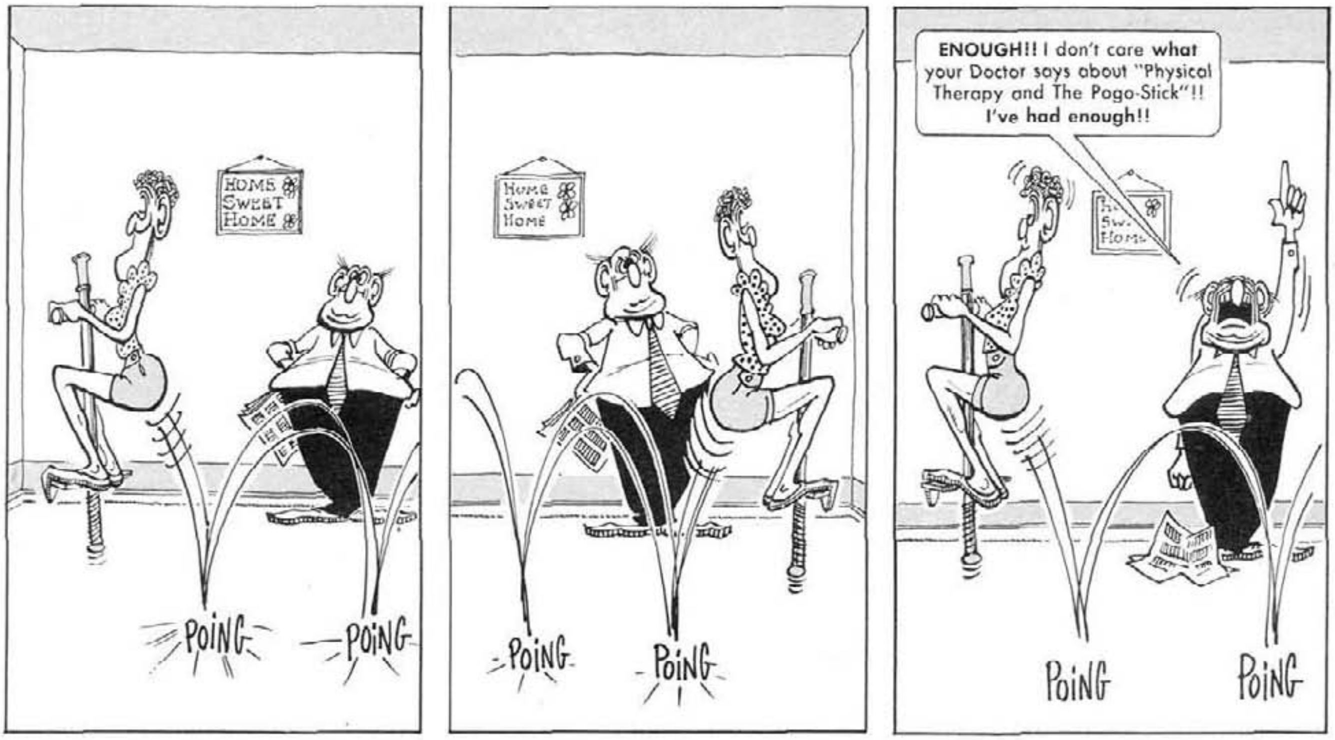
Crime



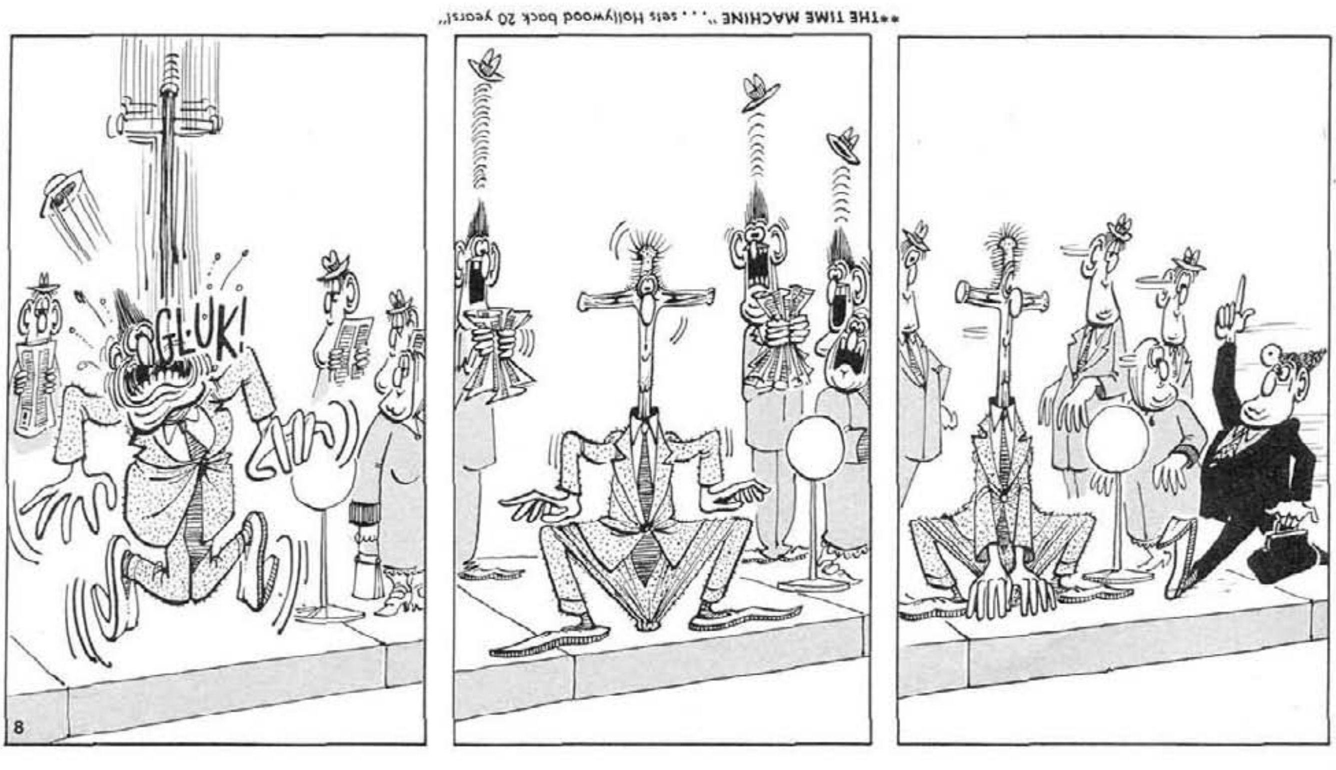
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

We noticed that Don Martin, MAD's maddest artist, has been "jumpy" lately . . . so we asked him about it. He told us that it all began with:

THE POGO



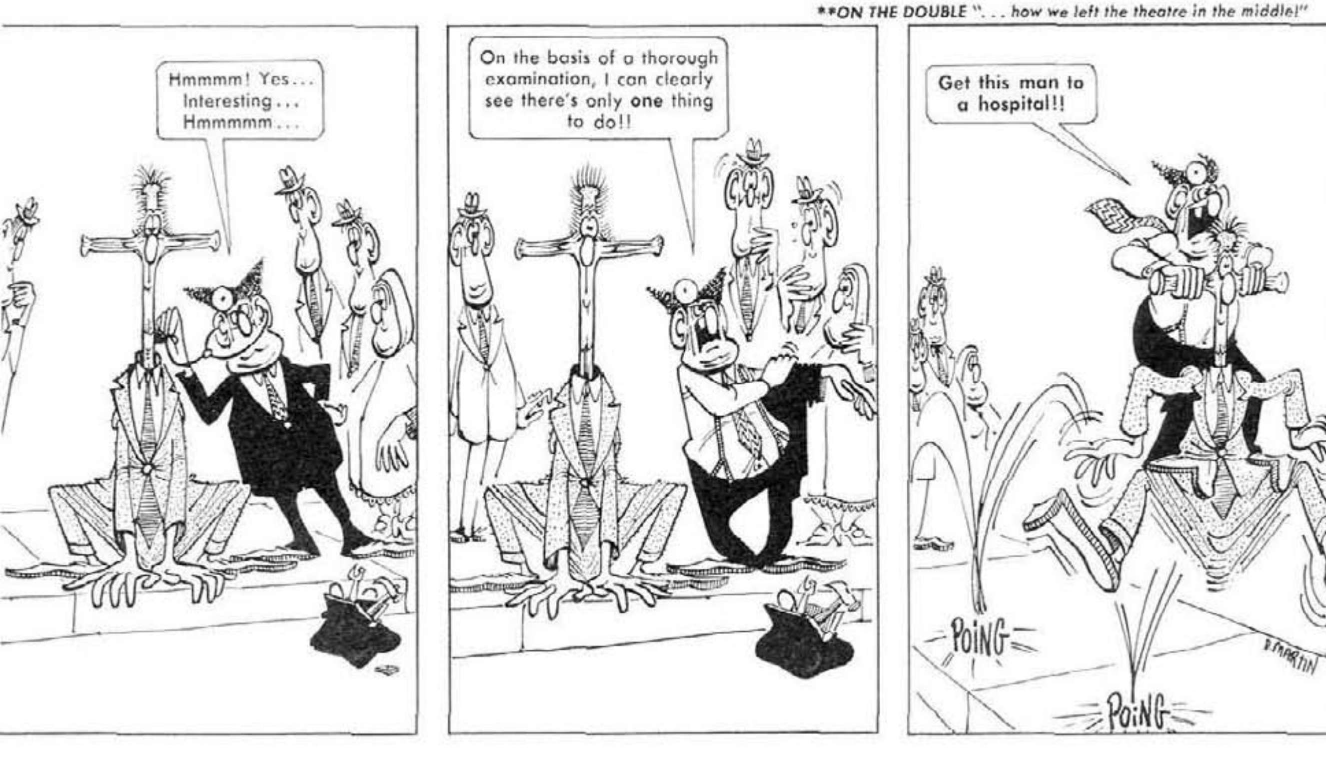
**THE TIME MACHINE "... sets Hollywood back 20 years!"



-STICK INCIDENT



**ON THE DOUBLE ". . . how we left the theatre in the middle!"



BEAT 'EM TO THAT PULP DEPT.

We spend a lot of time hanging around newsstands. We have to. It's the only way we keep dealers from burning their bundles of **MAD.** Anyway, while doing this, we've noticed a strange thing: Mainly, the newsstands are glutted with magazines that come out month after month, but don't look **one bit different** from one issue to the next. So we've decided to do the reading public a favor, and save 'em the trouble of buying all that junk. Which means they'll have more money to buy **our** junk. Here's . . .

MAD'S MAGA

(Just fill in blanks

THE MEN'S MAGAZINE

1

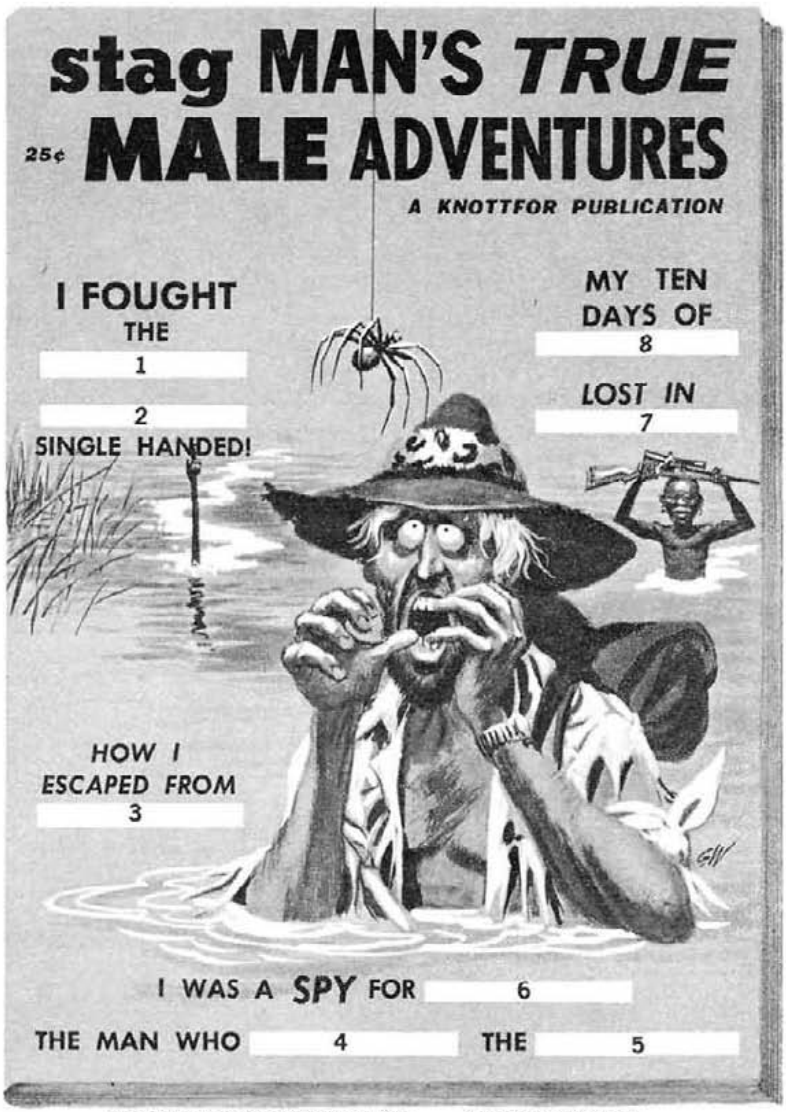
GIANT
VICIOUS
MAN-EATING
POISONOUS
BLOOD-CURDLING
RAVENOUS
NAUSEATING
HOUSEBROKEN

2

GRIZZLY
PANTHER
CROCODILE
PIRANHA FISH
RED ANTS
VAMPIRE BATS
BRONTOSAURUS
ANCHOVIES

3

CUBA
LAOS
THE KREMLIN
PRISON
LEVITTOWN
MY WIFE
MAD MAGAZINE



8

TERROR
AGONY
PAIN
TORMENT
SUFFERING
RELAXATION
FUN

7

THE JUNGLE
THE DESERT
THE SUBWAY
THE BRONX
NAZI GERMANY
RHODE ISLAND
Greenwich Village

6

THE C.I.A.
THE F.B.I.
THE U.S.O.
THE P.T.A.
CASTRO
KHRUSHCHEV
ED SULLIVAN
MACY'S

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: SY REIT

4

CONQUERED	DEFEATED
WRESTLED	BETRAYED
TRAPPED	RAN FROM
OUTWITTED	NEVER HEARD OF

5

MATTERHORN	LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE
AFRIKA KORPS	CONFEDERACY
SARGASSO SEA	PARTISANS
NORTH POLE	DINER'S CLUB

++THE BIG FISHERMAN "... Peters out!"

DO-IT-YOURSELF ZINE COVERS

rom appropriate lists—and change once a month!)

THE TRUE CONFESSIONS MAGAZINE



9

SPINSTER
WIDOW
DIVORCEE
WAITRESS
STRIPPER
GEISHA GIRL
WEIGHTLIFTER

10

A MARRIED MAN
HER OLDER BROTHER
AN ASTRONAUT
AN ALCOHOLIC
A COCKER SPANIEL
A SUB-MACHINE GUN
ALFRED E. NEUMAN

11

THE "OTHER MAN"
THE "OTHER WOMAN"
MY MOTHER-IN-LAW
BEER AND WHISKEY
OVERDUE BILLS
CHINESE FOOD
TERMITES

12

BABY
FIANCEE
SISTER
BROTHER
MAID
CELL-MATE

13

DYING
MISSING
A JUNKIE
IN A COMA
IN FLATBUSH
STONE BROKE

14

FATHER
MOTHER
SECRET PASSION
LURID PAST
PRISON RECORD
PHONY HAIR

15

MOTHER
FATHER
NEIGHBORS
CHILDREN
GIRL FRIEND
BOY FRIEND
PSYCHIATRIST

16

!
!!
!!!
!??!

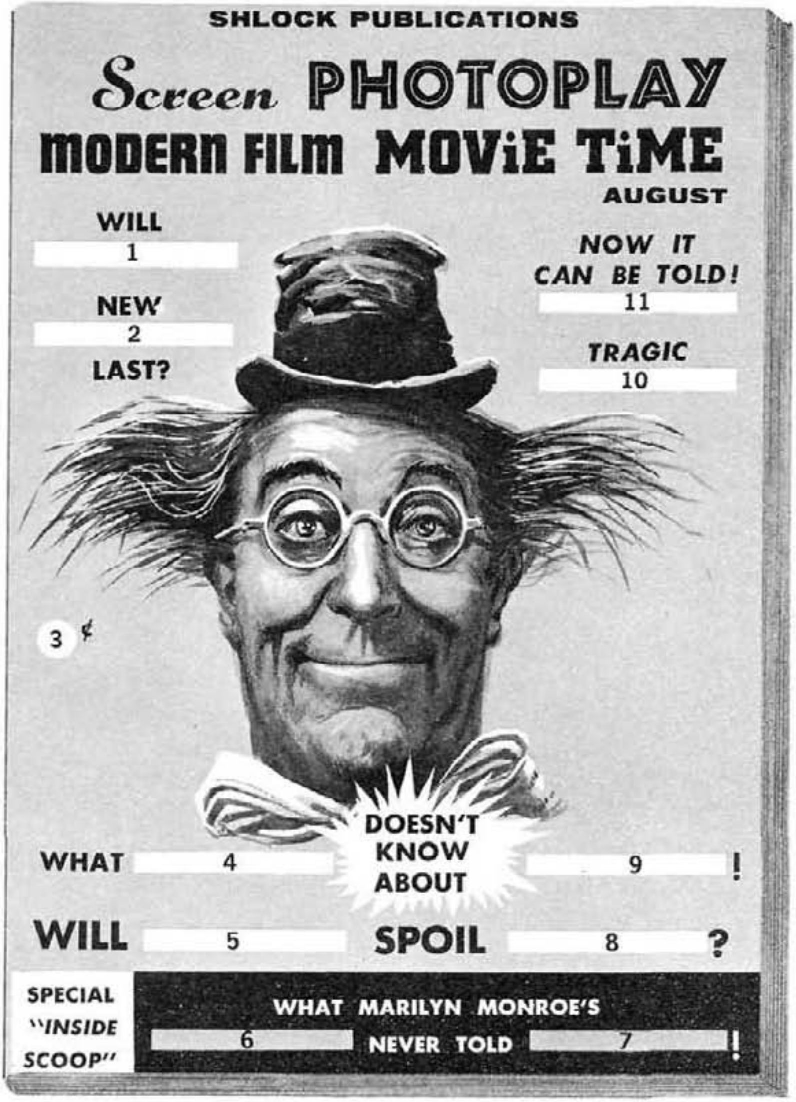
17

HOME
MARRIAGE
ROMANCE
HONEYMOON
FUTURE
AUTOMOBILE
DIGESTION

18

MAN
WOMAN
SWEETHEART
PAROLE OFFICER
WEEK-END
ADDRESS
FACE
DRAFT NOTICE

THE MOVIE MAGAZINE



1
- AVA'S
- LANA'S
- BRIGITTE'S
- DEBBIE'S
- LIZ'S
- MARILYN'S
- SINATRA'S

2
- MARRIAGE
- DIVORCE
- HAIR-DO
- MINK STOLE
- NOSE JOB
- BOY FRIEND
- KARMAN-GHIA

3
- 25
- 35
- 50

4
- EDDIE
- DEBBIE
- LIZ
- HARRY KARL
- LOUELLA
- HEDDA
- TARZAN
- JANE
- EDDIE HODGES

5
- SUCCESS
- FAILURE
- WEALTH
- POVERTY
- CENSORSHIP
- OLD AGE
- ACTING LESSONS

6
- HUSBANDS
- DIRECTORS
- DOCTORS
- CO-STARS
- ASTROLOGER
- CHIROPRACTOR
- MASSEUR
- FRENCH POODLE

7
- HER
- EACH OTHER
- THE LAWYERS
- THE NEIGHBORS
- HER ANALYST
- HER FAN CLUB
- LIFE MAGAZINE
- CASEY STENGEL

8
- TAB HUNTER
- BOBBY DARIN
- TUESDAY WELD
- YOGI BEAR
- SANDRA DEE
- A KOSHER SALAMI
- GARDNER McKAY

9
- LIZ
- HARRY KARL
- EDDIE
- DEBBIE
- HEDDA
- LOUELLA
- JANE
- TARZAN
- SEX

10
- PAST
- FUTURE
- ACTING
- CAP JOB
- COMEBACK
- LOVE AFFAIR
- HOME LIFE

11
- MICKEY ROONEY'S
- THE 3 STOOGES'
- STEVE REEVES'
- LIBERACE'S
- ROCHELLE HUDSON'S
- BORIS KARLOFF'S
- LASSIE'S

EXTRA FILLERS THAT FIT ALL THREE TYPE MAGAZINES

(But aren't as funny as the others!)

- MOXIE
- AXOLOTL
- POTRZEBIE

- SFORTZ
- MELVIN
- SCHNOOK

- OSSZEFOGVA
- MAINLY
- HALAVAH

- COWZNOFSKI
- GRUNCH
- ARTHUR

USING THE SAME PRINCIPAL DEPT.

Our educational systems have a sneaky little gimmick (as far as the kids are concerned) called "Open School Week"—or "Open School Night"—in which the parents of the students are invited to come in and discuss their sons' and daughters' progress and problems with their teachers. As champions of justice, we believe that turnabout is fair play, and business organizations should invite children of parents to come in and discuss their Daddies' and Mommies' progress and problems with their bosses. In short, they ought to have

OPEN OFFICE WEEK

ORGANIZATION ENTERPRISES CORPORATION, INC.
12345 Conformity Way Businessville, U.S.A.
TOgetherness 2-2222

October 26th 1961

Dear Children:

Every year at this time, ORGANIZATION ENTERPRISES CORPORATION, INC., invites the offspring of our employees to visit our offices. This year, we have designated the week of October 30th 1961 as "Open Office Week."

Your Daddy's Department Head is looking forward to meeting you personally, and discussing your Daddy with you. Should you have any further questions concerning how he is getting along, I will also be available to talk things over with you during that week.

Hoping to see you soon, I remain,

Yours truly,

E. J. Organization

E. J. Organization
Chairman of the Board

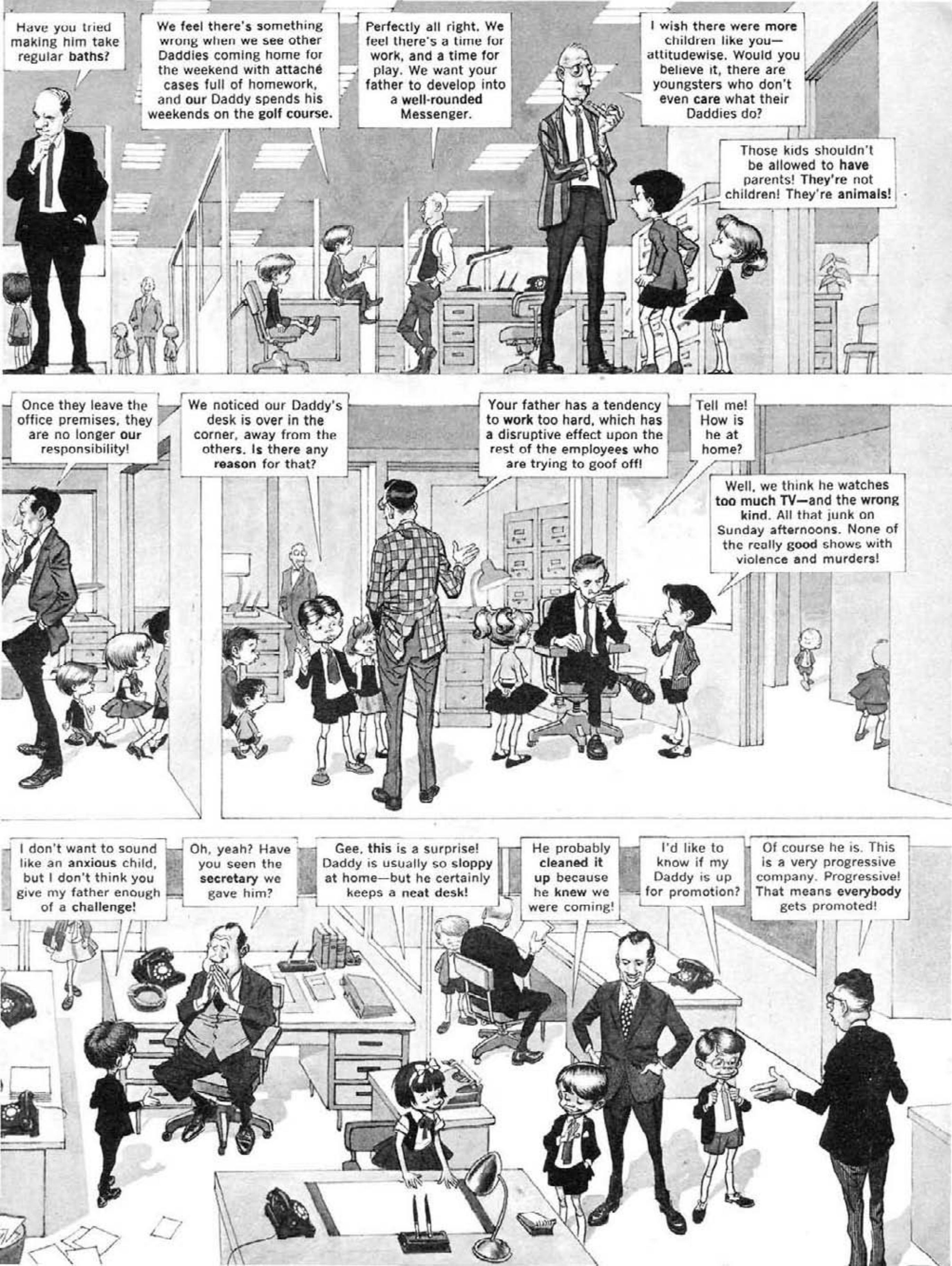
P.S. Naturally, this invitation is also extended to those children whose mommies work for us, too.--EJO

ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD WRITER: GARY BELKIN

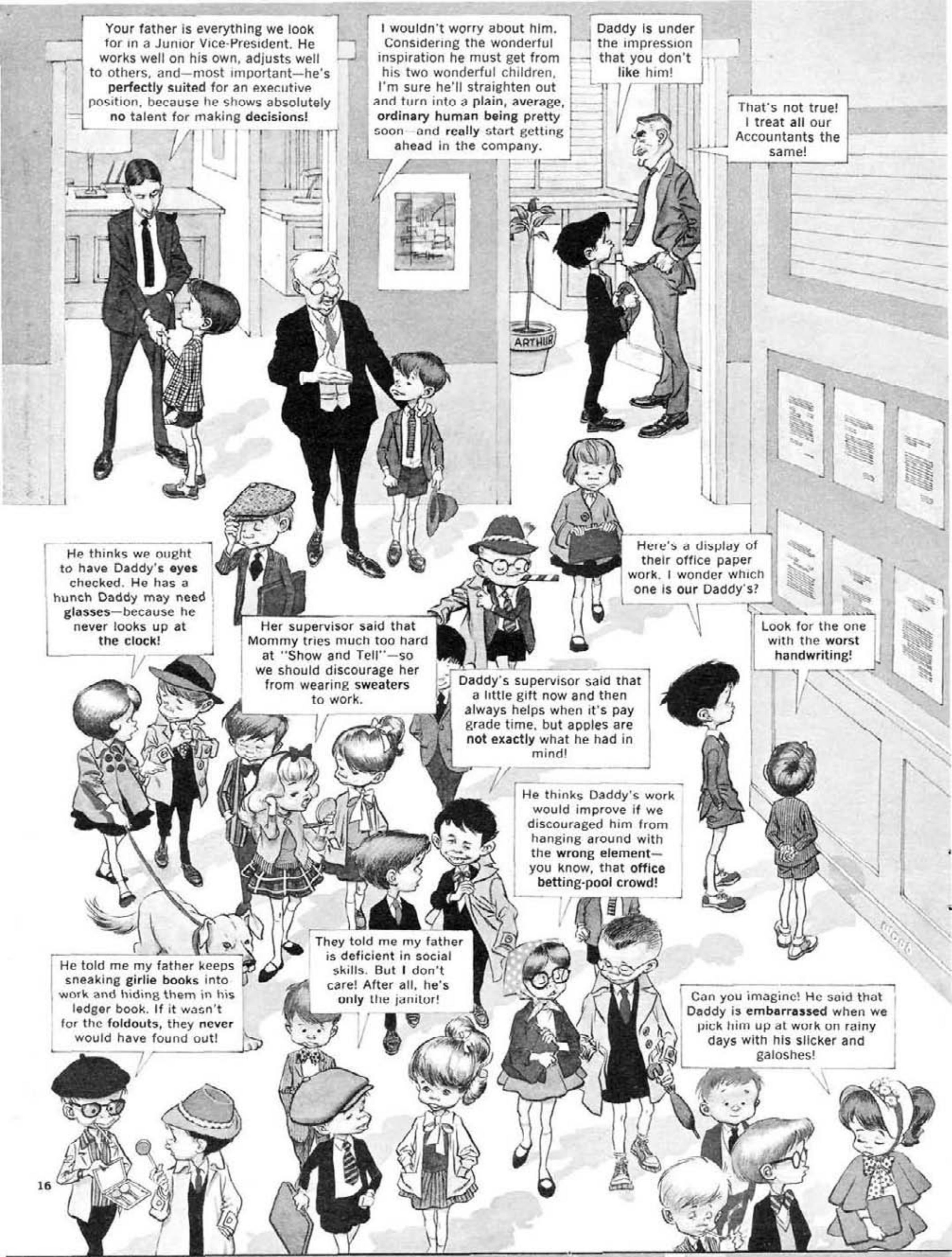




It's awfully nice of you to come!
Nice? It's our duty! What sort of children would we be if we didn't show an interest in our very own Daddy?
What can we do at home to help him?
Give him a lot of approval. Let him know you love him even if he isn't the best file clerk in the office. Being the best file clerk isn't the most important thing in life. One man can be good in File Clerking, and another can be good in Coffee Breaking. It takes all kinds.
My Daddy tells me that nobody in the office seems to want to have anything to do with him. Can you suggest anything?
One thing bothers me. Last week, I asked him what the company makes, and my Daddy didn't know. Shouldn't he care enough to even ask?
He might be afraid. This company is so large and diversified, nobody really knows what we make or do. You see, Daddies of your father's age have a basic need for security. He might be afraid to ask because they might find out we're not doing anything and fire all of us.
We can't understand why Mommie is always being kept in after work.
She's my secretary—and when you grow up, you'll understand!
I'd like to know how I can get my Daddy to come home directly after work instead of dawdling along the way at every bar and grill.
He's a fine Book-keeper, but how come he's never come out for the Bowling Team?
Oh, we wouldn't let him! Daddy is very delicate—although you wouldn't think it to look at him.
I wanted to talk to you about a problem we've been having with your father. When we send him home with a pay-check that isn't very good, we know for a fact that he signs it himself!
Tell us honestly! Is he Vice-Presidential material?
You children must learn that not everybody should go on to be Vice-President! A person can still be considered successful without being Vice-President! Look at Henry Cabot Lodge!



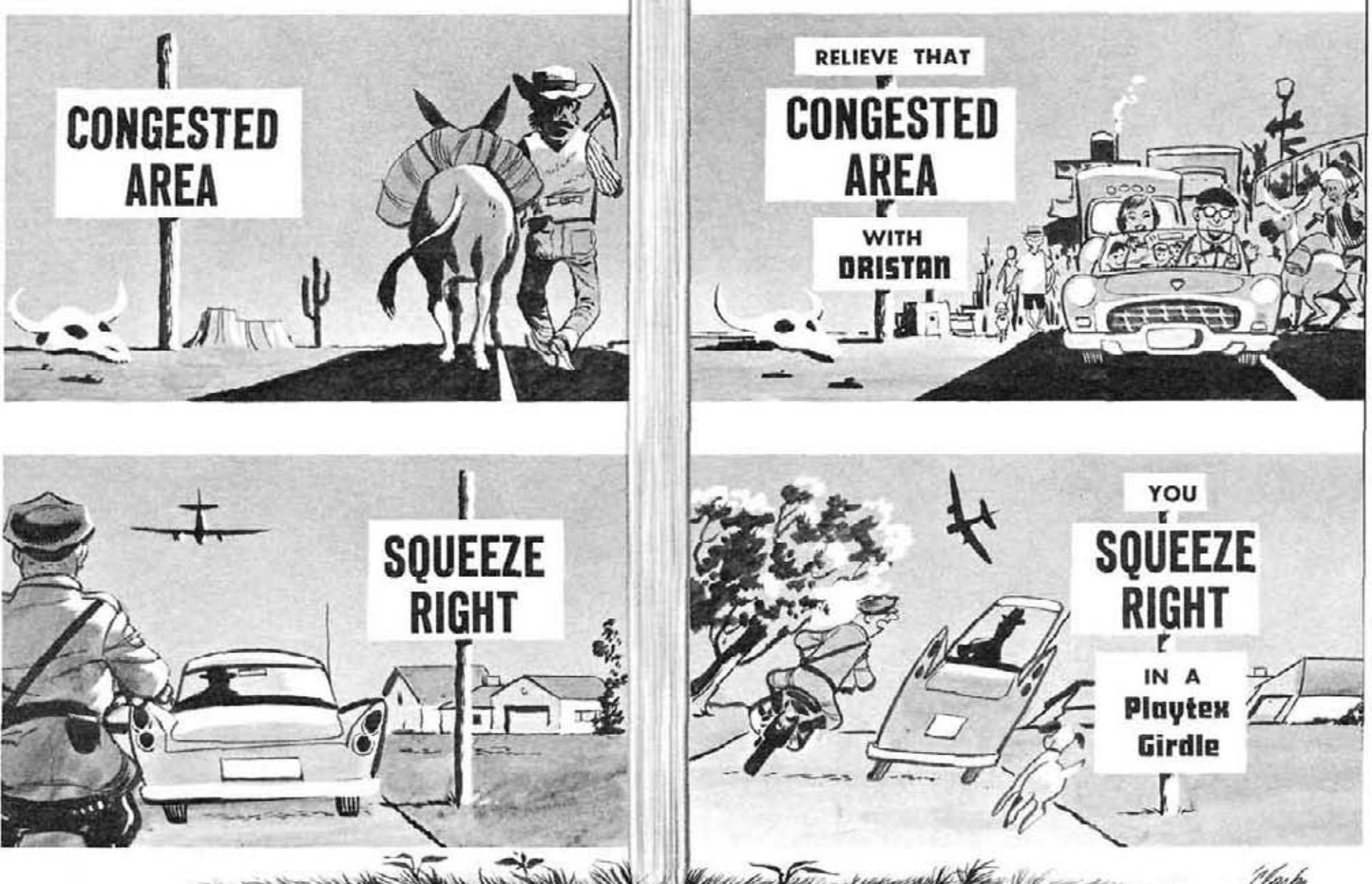
Have you tried making him take regular baths?
We feel there's something wrong when we see other Daddies coming home for the weekend with attaché cases full of homework, and our Daddy spends his weekends on the golf course.
Perfectly all right. We feel there's a time for work, and a time for play. We want your father to develop into a well-rounded Messenger.
I wish there were more children like you—attitudewise. Would you believe it, there are youngsters who don't even care what their Daddies do?
Those kids shouldn't be allowed to have parents! They're not children! They're animals!
Once they leave the office premises, they are no longer our responsibility!
We noticed our Daddy's desk is over in the corner, away from the others. Is there any reason for that?
Your father has a tendency to work too hard, which has a disruptive effect upon the rest of the employees who are trying to goof off!
Tell me! How is he at home?
Well, we think he watches too much TV—and the wrong kind. All that junk on Sunday afternoons. None of the really good shows with violence and murders!
I don't want to sound like an anxious child, but I don't think you give my father enough of a challenge!
Oh, yeah? Have you seen the secretary we gave him?
Gee, this is a surprise! Daddy is usually so sloppy at home—but he certainly keeps a neat desk!
He probably cleaned it up because he knew we were coming!
I'd like to know if my Daddy is up for promotion?
Of course he is. This is a very progressive company. Progressive! That means everybody gets promoted!

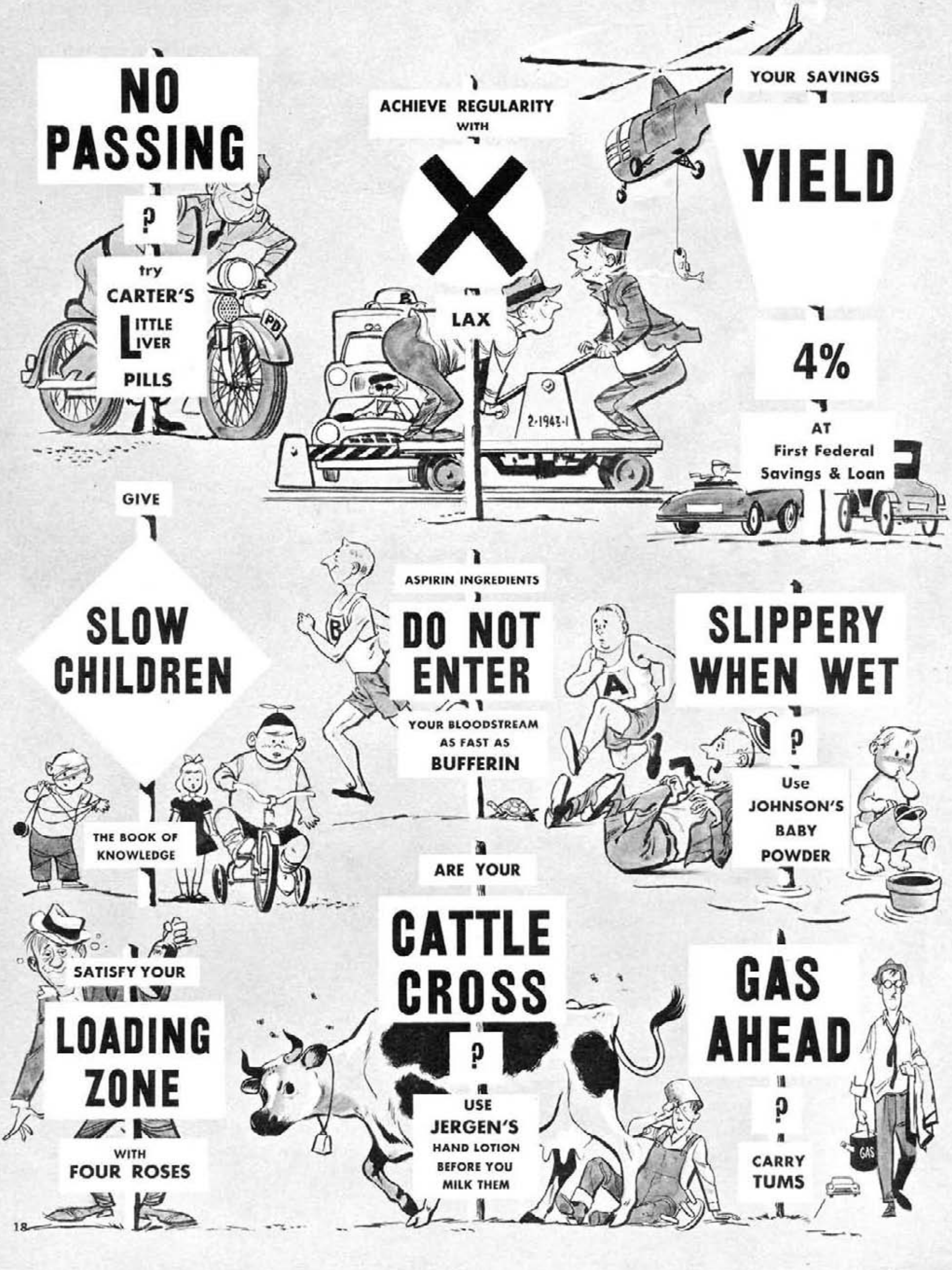

Your father is everything we look for in a Junior Vice-President. He works well on his own, adjusts well to others, and—most important—he's perfectly suited for an executive position, because he shows absolutely no talent for making decisions!
I wouldn't worry about him. Considering the wonderful inspiration he must get from his two wonderful children, I'm sure he'll straighten out and turn into a plain, average, ordinary human being pretty soon—and really start getting ahead in the company.
Daddy is under the impression that you don't like him!
That's not true! I treat all our Accountants the same!
ARTHUR
He thinks we ought to have Daddy's eyes checked. He has a hunch Daddy may need glasses—because he never looks up at the clock!
Her supervisor said that Mommy tries much too hard at "Show and Tell"—so we should discourage her from wearing sweaters to work.
Here's a display of their office paper work. I wonder which one is our Daddy's?
Look for the one with the worst handwriting!
Daddy's supervisor said that a little gift now and then always helps when it's pay grade time, but apples are not exactly what he had in mind!
He thinks Daddy's work would improve if we discouraged him from hanging around with the wrong element—you know, that office betting-pool crowd!
He told me my father keeps sneaking girlie books into work and hiding them in his ledger book. If it wasn't for the foldouts, they never would have found out!
They told me my father is deficient in social skills. But I don't care! After all, he's only the janitor!
Can you imagine! He said that Daddy is embarrassed when we pick him up at work on rainy days with his slicker and galoshes!

Nowadays, our State and Local Governments employ every conceivable method to raise much needed revenue for highway construction and maintenance—and then use the money for other things. These methods include license fees, gasoline taxes, tolls, and franchises for service stops. One method they've overlooked, which could solve the whole problem and relieve the burden on the already over-taxed automobile owner, would be to contact Madison Avenue, and rent out...

ADVERTISING SPACE ON ROAD SIGNS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE   WRITER: EARLE DOUD




NO PASSING
?
try CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
ACHIEVE REGULARITY WITH
LAX
YOUR SAVINGS
YIELD
4%
AT First Federal Savings & Loan
PD
B
2-1943-1
GIVE
SLOW CHILDREN
THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE
ASPIRIN INGREDIENTS
DO NOT ENTER
YOUR BLOODSTREAM AS FAST AS BUFFERIN
B
A
SLIPPERY WHEN WET
?
Use JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER
SATISFY YOUR
LOADING ZONE
WITH FOUR ROSES
ARE YOUR
CATTLE CROSS
?
USE JERGEN'S HAND LOTION BEFORE YOU MILK THEM
GAS AHEAD
?
CARRY TUMS
GAS


BRIDGE OUT
NOW'S YOUR CHANCE TO CLEAN IT WITH POLIDENT
ENJOY
DETOUR
OF SCENIC BROOKLYN IN A FINSTER SIGHTSEEING BUS
LEARN TO
DIP
AT THE ARTHUR MURRAY DANCE STUDIO
HE'LL LOVE YOUR
SOFT SHOULDER
when you use PONDS
REDUCE TO 60
THE NEW VIC TANNY WAY
GO
MAN
GO
STOP!
23-SKD-U
FOR A
LIGHT AHEAD
TRY BUDWEISER
ARTHUR
US 42
US 26
US 36
JAYNE MANSFIELD
ON STAGE AT
THE RIVIERA
MEN AT WORK
WHO CAN'T BRUSH AFTER EVERY MEAL use GLEEM
GET THE LEAD OUT OF YOUR
DEAD END
TAKE GERITOL
POOF! THERE GOES PERSPIRATION!
STOP
ETTE

Once again, MAD presents the feature based on the proposition that you can tell an awful lot about a person by the contents of his wallet. Yes, once again, we thought it would be exciting to see what *famous people* carry around in their wallets. Once again, we sent our research team out to pick some famous pockets. However, here it is—deadline time—and we still haven't heard from them. And so, once again, we present our *fictionalized version* of what we'd probably find had our wandering idiots been successful in delivering this "2nd of a series" revealing the unexpected and absurd contents of

CELEBRITIES' WALLETS

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

THE REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Miss Tuesday Weld
Hollywood Hills,
California
Dear Miss Weld:-

Thank you for your kind offer. It is gratifying to know that you have been enjoying "CAMELS" for the past eight years.

However, we do not feel that it would be in the best interest of our Company or its public relations campaign to have you endorse "CAMELS", since this means you started smoking when you were ten years old!

Sincerely yours,

Humphrey Snaffle
Vice-President
Camel Division
Endorsement Dept.

GIRL SCOUT TROOP 204-S
New York City

Having successfully completed her flying-up requirements—

Tuesday Weld

is now a full-fledged member of the Girl Scouts of America

DISHONORABLY DISCHARGED

Doris Fleegle
Troop Leader

THINGS TO DO TODAY!

9:00AM - Rehearsal with Dwayne Hickman
11:00AM - Publicity Stills with Eddie Hodges
1:00PM - Disneyland with Charles Coburn
3:30PM - Sodas with Charles Laughton
5:00PM - Muscle Beach with Franchot Tone
9:00PM - Drive-in with Adolph Menjou

MAMMOTH PICTURES INCORPORATED
HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA

Miss Tuesday Weld
Hollywood Hills
Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Miss Weld:-

Thank you for your enthusiastic interest in our forthcoming motion picture. Unfortunately, the title role for "The Eleanor Roosevelt Story" has already been cast.

May we suggest that you get in touch with the producers of the forthcoming movie, "Lolita", the title role of which might suit your personality and talents a bit more.

Sincerely,

C. D. Finsterhofer
Executive Producer

TUESDAY, BABY! GO PREPARED WHEN YOU APPLY FOR THIS ROLE! DO YOURSELF A FAVOR AND READ THE BOOK — BECAUSE THERE'S NO "CLASSIC COMICS" EDITION OF "LOLITA"

Finsty

COMMISSARY PASS
20TH CENTURY FOX STUDIOS

PLEASE ADMIT Tuesday Weld and guest (x)

CHILDREN'S TABLE ONLY

Spyros Skouras
President

**OPERATION PETTICOAT "... flimsy and slipshod!"

IDENTIFICATION

Name: Tuesday Weld
Address: Hollywood, Calif.
Age: 18 going on 35
Occupation: Oldest Starlet in Hollywood

In Case of Emergency, DO NOT Notify:
Charles Coburn, John Ireland or Charles Laughton — their hearts may not be able to stand the shock!







THE OLD ACTORS' HOME
Beverly Hills, California
"Where Old Timers Can Enjoy Their Last Reels"

Miss Tuesday Weld
Hollywood Hills,
Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Miss Weld:-
We regret to inform you that we cannot supply you with a list of our male residents. And even if we could, it would do you no good, since they are not allowed out on dates anyway!

Very truly yours,

Ernest K. Glockenschlock
Ernest K. Glockenschlock
Recording Secretary

The Hollywood Hills
OVER 28
FRIENDSHIP CLUB
"Where refined mature people meet refined mature people"

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT
Tuesday Weld
IS A MEMBER IS GOOD STANDING

HONORARY MEMBERSHIP

Zelda Clotz
Zelda Clotz, President.

HOLLYWOOD HILLS MOTORS
"Where the Stars buy their Cars"

SOLD TO:
Miss Tuesday Weld

1 Fuchsia and Aqua Cadillac Convertible	....$6,978.22
Radio, Heater, Leopard Skin Upholstery, 14-Karat Gold Monogram, Other Extras	.....$3,759.37
Taxes	........$895.00
	$11,632.59
Less Trade In: 1 Schwinn 26" Girl's 2-Wheeler Bike	..........$11.00
TOTAL	$11,621.59

SW

**THE BELLBOY "... carried little weight"

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT.

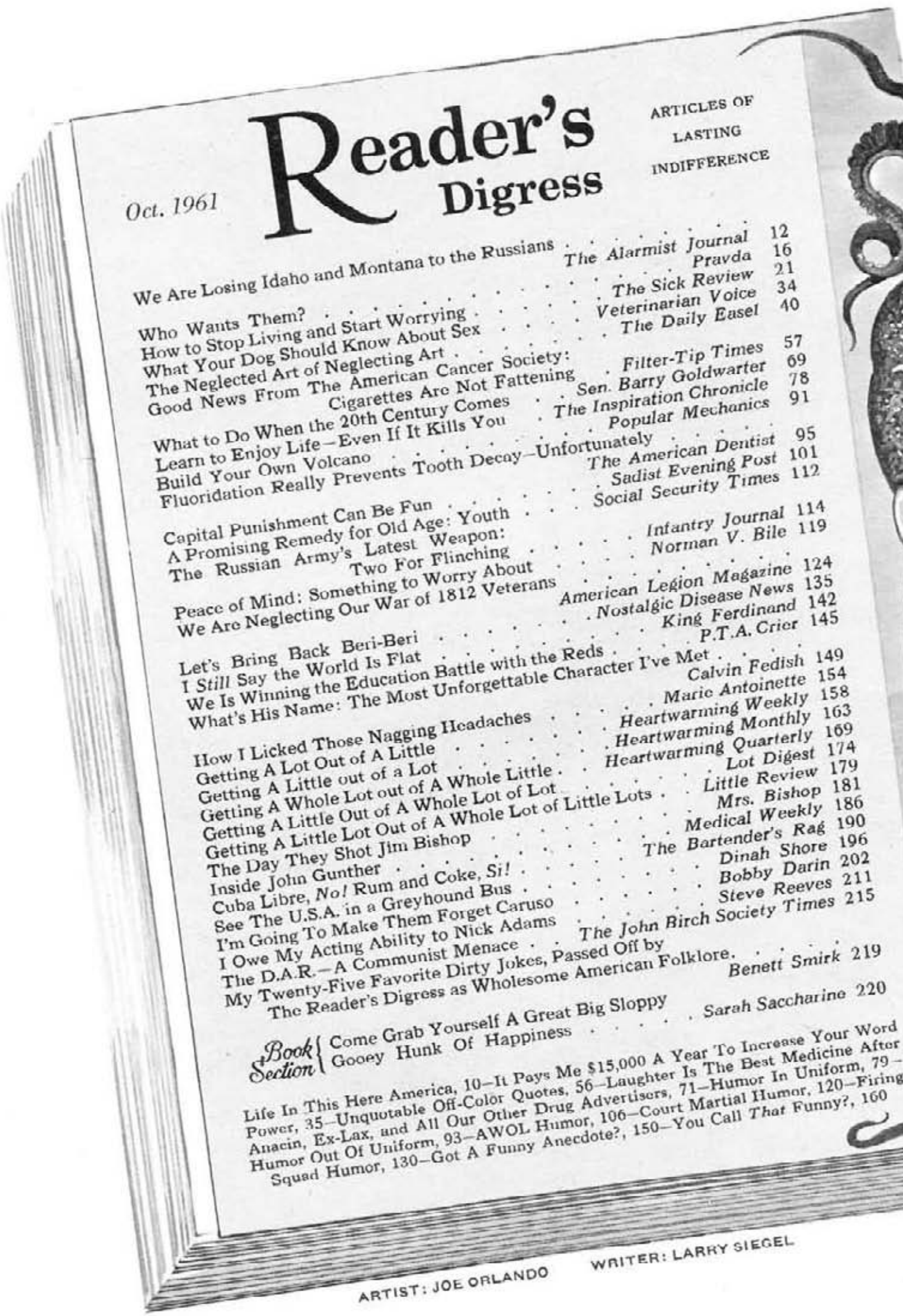
Here's another installment of that friendly rivalry between the man in black and the man in white, both dedicated to the "cause" . . . of outwitting each other as —



**LET'S MAKE LOVE "... a wise alternative"

CONDENSED MILKING DEPT.

And now, MAD presents its version of the famous monthly magazine that once took pride in the fact that it did not accept advertising, only now it's filled with advertising . . . that once listed all its articles on the front cover, only now it lists them on its back cover . . . and once was a pretty corny magazine, only now it's even cornier . . .



Oct. 1961

Reader's Digress

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ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

**THE ABSENT MINDED PROFESSOR ". . . forget it!"

The Echoes of Mankind



BY SELWIN R. ZABINDIN
President, Consolidated Money, Inc.

ONE DAY, A FAMOUS AUTHOR and lecturer was seated next to a slight, gray-haired old lady aboard a jet airliner. Leaning toward the woman, the author smiled and whispered, "The echoes of mankind are irrepressible."

Whereupon the sweet old lady's kindly eyes twinkled, and she replied, "Go fish a herring!"

What, you may ask, does a whimsical anecdote have to do with introducing an inside-front-cover endorsement for The Reader's Digress? I don't know! They all seem to start that way, so why should mine be any different?

Why am I an avid reader of the Digress?

Because the editors have an uncanny method of going through lengthy works, and reprinting those parts which they consider important—while ignoring those parts which they consider unimportant. This is inspired editing.

It is also crass censorship.

But being a busy, high-powered executive, I don't have the time to read things through, so I let the Digress tell me what *they* think I should read. This is the mark of a realistic, time-saving, knowledge-hungry citizen.

It is also the mark of a true ignoramus.

I can't tell you how delighted I am with this great publication. And how even more delighted I am to grab this page ahead of hundreds of other distinguished business executives, who are also anxious to plug their corporations here and save themselves thousands of dollars in advertising.

This cover endorsement, like everything else I do in and out of the business world, comes directly from my heart. And I couldn't feel more strongly and more sincere about it...even if I had written it myself.

Reader's Digress
Appears Reg. U.S. Nws. Stds. Marka Illiteracy

VOL. 78, NO. 472, October, 1961 • Published each month simultaneously in the United States by The Reader's Digress Association, Inc., Pleasantlife, N. Y., and in Canada by its Canadian subsidiary, and in England by its English subsidiary, and in France by its French subsidiary, and in every other country in the world where we can pass off this tripe as interesting reading matter, and get several billion gullible people to pay 35 cents a copy, and $4.00 a year for it.



How I Ease My Everyday Tensions

All of us need to find refuge from the stresses, strains, demands, and jarring uncertainties of 20th Century living. One housewife offers an inspirational answer

Condensed from
Lamplighter Magazine

(Where it will appear next month, because we had it planted there in the first place)

FRANCIS KVOORTZ

LIKE MOST PEOPLE in this unpredictable Atomic Age, I, too, was filled with the usual nagging strains and tensions of life. They hounded and tortured me constantly through the day as I went about the task of caring for my home and family and goldfish and parakeet.

But one day, after long years of torment, I finally discovered how to cope with these tensions. And finding this heart-warming, wonderful remedy has meant a world of difference to me as a wife, a mother, a part-time veterinarian, and a human being.

Twice a day, during the busiest part of my house-work schedule, I stop all activity, remove my apron, and sit down on a couch. The first thing I do is meditate. I think about my past life, my present life, and what the future may hold in store for me. I think about my home, my husband, the children, and the life we have together. I think about the warm, richly-optimistic articles I've read in The Reader's Digress, which have reminded me about these blessings.

And then, suddenly, a warm feeling wells up inside me. It makes me forget everything else that has happened during the day. It makes me feel alive, conscious of my surroundings, determined in my direction. Soon, I feel as if a tremendous weight has been lifted from me. Refreshed, I am ready to come to grips with the world once more.

How do I ease my everyday tensions? I throw up.



THE MOST MEMORABLE CHARACTER I'VE MET YET EVER TILL NOW

By Samuel Quintz

NONE OF US in Sackinaw, Kentucky, will ever forget my eccentric old grandfather. What a memorable character that unpredictable, lovable old fellow was!

He was such an irresistible cut-up that we gave him a special nickname. We used to call him "Grandpa." Somehow, the name just fit the peculiar old codger. My grandmother, however, had her own pet name for him, which was no less descriptive. She used to call him "Harold," which always gave us a good laugh.

I'll never forget the first time Grandpa met my wife-to-be, Alice. "Well, how do you like her, Grandpa?" I asked him, bracing myself for his usual unpredictable answer.

"She seems rather nice, Sam," he said not batting an eye. I suppose I'd have been shocked had I not been so used to his unexpected gibes.

Any time he was hungry, Grandpa would walk into the kitchen and cause the wildest commotion with acid comments like "May I eat now, please?" And whenever he was ready to put on a pair of shoes, you could rest assured the eccentric old duck would first put on something insane, like a pair of socks.

The day before Grandpa's 84th birthday, Old Doc Barnes, who was visiting us, stopped by Grandpa's room to say hello. Imagine our surprise when he told us Grandpa had been dead for two years.

"No wonder he never touched the soup last Thanksgiving," said Grandma.

We buried Grandpa. He would have wanted it that way, character that he was.

Somehow, things just aren't the same these days in Grandma's house in Sackinaw.

But I forget why.



AN ABSOLUTELY HILARIOUS thing happened to me during World War II when I was stationed in the Philippines. One day, just before an important battle, I complained to my First Sergeant that I was homesick. He told me what to do about it, and I thanked him profusely. I packed my things, caught a plane back to the States, and went directly to Hollywood, California.

When I was picked up by the M.P.'s a month later, and brought back to my First Sergeant, he said, "What in #$%& happened to you?"

"Well, last month I *told* you I was homesick," I reminded him.

"Sure," he said, "and I told you to tell it to the Chaplain! You know—the *Army* Chaplain! It's a G.I. expression meaning 'Ain't that *too bad!*'"

"Oh, you meant the ARMY Chaplain?" I said, starting to giggle. "I thought you meant, tell it to CHARLIE Chaplin!"

Everyone laughed so hard at this that it took the firing squad a good half hour to compose themselves and aim their rifles at me properly.

—Pvt. Saul Flerble (*Arlington Cemetery*)

IN JUNE, 1944, I was in a Basic Training Camp in Georgia, when a riotously funny incident took place. My first Sergeant, a huge fellow well over six feet tall and weighing 250 pounds, walked into our barracks, sobbing.

"I just got a 'Dear John' letter from my wife," he said, choking back the tears. "She sold my house, my car, all my belongings, took our five kids, and ran off with a black market operator to New Zealand."

Suddenly, I began to chuckle. Then my chuckle turned to laughter, and my laughter turned to uncontrolled roars of hysteria. I doubled up and rolled back and forth on the floor, nearly drowning in my tears of mirth.

He looked at me strangely, and said, "What's so funny about me getting a 'Dear John' letter from my wife?"

"That... that... that's one on her!" I said, gasping for breath. "YOUR name is *Murray!*"

When he walked out of the barracks a few moments later, I was still laughing. But I stopped momentarily to pick up 14 of my teeth.

—George "Gummy" Velduzzi (*Gary, Ind.*)

IN JANUARY, 1945, our Infantry Division was ordered to take an important mountain peak in Italy. We attacked at dawn, advanced half-way up the slope, and then were forced to retreat because the shelling was so fierce. Casualties on both sides were quite heavy. Three hours later, we attacked again, and once more the shelling was fierce. But we managed to battle our way to the top and gain control of the mountain. Losses on both sides were very heavy.

On re-reading the preceding anecdote, I've decided that perhaps it isn't as humorous as others I've read in The Reader's Digress, but I'm sending it to the "Humor In Service" editor anyway.

After all, there are lots of ex-G.I.s who think war isn't so funny!

—Charlie Frank (*Augusta, Ga.*)

Life in This Here America

WHILE MOTORING through New Mexico last summer, my wife and I saw a teepee standing by the side of the road. Seated in front of the teepee was an authentic-looking Indian, gaudily painted and wearing a colorful tribal headdress.

We stopped the car and approached him. "Ask him in sign language if he sells souvenirs," my wife whispered.

Pointing my finger at him, I said, "You..." Then I held up a string of beads and dangled them before his eyes. Finally I took out some money and waved it in front of his face.

The Indian smiled faintly, looking first at me and then at my wife.

"Ugh!" he grunted.

As old Reader's Digress fans, we were stunned and shocked. Not only didn't this Indian speak perfect English, but we found out later that he didn't even come from Brooklyn.

—MARVIN ZULTZ (*Worcester, Mass.*)

I WAS VISITING New York City for the first time, and I decided to take my first subway ride. So I boarded a train at Times Square one weekday at 5:00 P.M. Needless to say, the train was jammed with people, all pushing and shoving and using dreadful language. However, off in a corner, I happened to notice a kindly-looking elderly man standing amid the crush with a warm smile on his face.

Squeezing through the mob of screaming, perspiring, cursing passengers, I managed to get near enough to the smiling old gentleman to say, "Pardon me, sir. I can't help noticing how good-naturedly you seem to be taking this dreadful subway ride. How is it that you can view the whole situation with a sly sense of humor, while all those around you are working themselves up into a frenzy of hate?"

The old man looked at me with twinkling eyes, then tapped his head gently with a forefinger, and said softly, "I'm sick!"

—MEL HANEY (*Cokeville, Wyo.*)

A FEW WEEKS AGO, at the Dayton, Ohio, Dog Pound, we received this letter, printed in a childish hand:

Dere Dog Ketchers,

My name is Joey Harris. I am seven yeers old. Every day, I see you ketch doggs and gass them dead.

I am lonesume, and I don't have no one to play with, and I don't have no dogg.

Instead of gassing one of the doggs, could you please give him to me. I will love him and take care of him and play with him, even if he is a skinny little mutt.

Your freand,

Joey

There wasn't a dry eye in the whole Dog Pound as we composed the following answer to little Joey:

"No!"

—HERMAN BRUGGER (*Dayton, Ohio*)

I Licked Chapped Lips

A middle-aged man's courageous battle over one of mankind's most baffling medical enigmas

Condensed from
The American Medical Journal
BY EDWARD MOSH
as told to Dr. Morris Fishbein
who wouldn't listen

AS I BUTTONED my shirt in the doctor's office, an uncomfortable dryness clutched at my throat.

"Give it to me straight, Doc," I said.

"Mr. Mosh," he began quietly, "my tests prove conclusively that you are suffering from a severe case of chapped lips—upper right and lower left labial regions."

I leaned forward, gripping his desk so tight my knuckles turned white. "How... how long until it's all over?" I stammered.

He shrugged. "A week perhaps. A month. It could even go on all winter. And then, it may return in a year. We never know about these things. Try not to worry."

Try not to worry, indeed! In a stupor, I staggered home. As soon as my wife saw me, she *knew*. "Ed," she said stoutly, fighting back the tears, "you're going to *fight* this thing, and I'm going to *help* you."

"*You?*" I laughed bitterly. "What can *you* do? What can *anyone* do? Nobody licks chapped lips! It has to run its course! A week, a month, the whole winter! And then, there's always next year..."

"We can lick it with a little *help*," my wife said softly, gazing upward.

"You mean...?" I said, following her upward gaze.

"Yes," she said, continuing to look upward.

"You mean...?" I repeated, continuing to look upward too.



During the next few months, thanks to faith, hope, courage, and trust in our upstairs neighbor, Sadie Mueller, who lent me her "Chap-Stick," I LICKED CHAPPED LIPS!

And as dreadful as my experience was, if this article can give other unfortunate human beings the inspiration to conquer *their* afflictions, it was worth it.

It was also worth $2500.

NEXT MONTH: HOW I LICKED ATHLETE'S FEET

BOOK SECTION

GONE WITH THE WIND

BY MARGARET MITCHELL



The Reader's Digress one-page condensation of a 1,037 page classic, which is so detailed and complete, thanks to our superb Condensed Books Editing Staff, that reading the original would be an absolute waste of time

"IT LOOKS LIKE WAR, Miss Scarlett," said the Tarleton twins.

"Fiddle-dee-dee," said Scarlett O'Hara.

Boom!

"Thank God that bloody war is over," said Rhett Butler. "Will you marry me, Scarlett?"

"No."

"Well, if it's going to come to this constant bickering, let's forget it."

"Ashley," said Scarlett, "it's *you* I love!"

"But I'm married to Melanie," he answered. "Besides, we've got a war to win first."

"Don't be silly," said Scarlett. "The war ended right after 'Fiddle-dee-dee' and 'Boom'!"

"So you married Frank Kennedy, eh, Scarlett?" Rhett sneered.

"Yes, but he died," Scarlett pouted.

"Time flies," mused Rhett.

"I need you, Rhett."

"I'm sorry, Scarlett. Our marriage isn't working out. Besides, I've got a war to fight."

"Don't be silly. The Civil War ended just after 'Fiddle-dee-dee' and 'Boom'!"

"What kind Civil War?" barked Rhett. "We've been moving so fast, it's time for World War I already!"

It Pays to Decrease Your WORD POWER

By Wilfred Fink

IT'S A FACT that the most successful businessmen today are also the most illiterate. If you want to be successful, it's important to decrease your vocabulary. Check the word or phrase below that is *farthest in meaning* from the key word. Do this every issue—eventually it will become a *habit*—and you'll end up *stupid, but rich*.

Toward More Picturesque Talking, Like

ICAAAAAAAASH Clothes! (Irving, a traveling old clothes buyer, in a Street) . . . Hey, bananoooooooos! Two pouns ferra quaarter! (Vito, a fruit vendor, in the Same Street) . . . Maaa! Trow me down money forda moom pitchers! (Seymour, in a backyard) . . . Come up first and drink your milk or I'll smash your head against a wall till you bleed! (Mother, in a Backyard Window) . . . Aaahhh, shaddup, the whole two of yuh! (Gus Poposki, on a Fire Escape) . . .

Heart-Warming Filler

ONE DAY, A FRECKLE-FACED LITTLE BOY, eating a wholesome piece of apple pie made by Mom, was walking with a friendly, but homeless dog named Spot. Suddenly, the boy and the dog caught sight of a little, kindly, gray-haired old lady with shining eyes . . . So far, this much alone is enough to make The Reader's Digress, so I believe I'll save my punch line for another anecdote.

—Arnold Lovelace, quoted by *Leonard Lyons*

Unquotable Quotes

A FRIEND in need is best considered an enemy.

—Ben Folgarth, quoted in *The Selfish Eve. Post*

LOVE thy neighbor as you do thy wife.

—George Jessel, in *Boy's Life*

IT'S BETTER to have loved and lost; it's also cheaper.

—Dick Foran, in *The Sears Roebuck Catalogue*

IN SPRING, an old man's stomach turns.

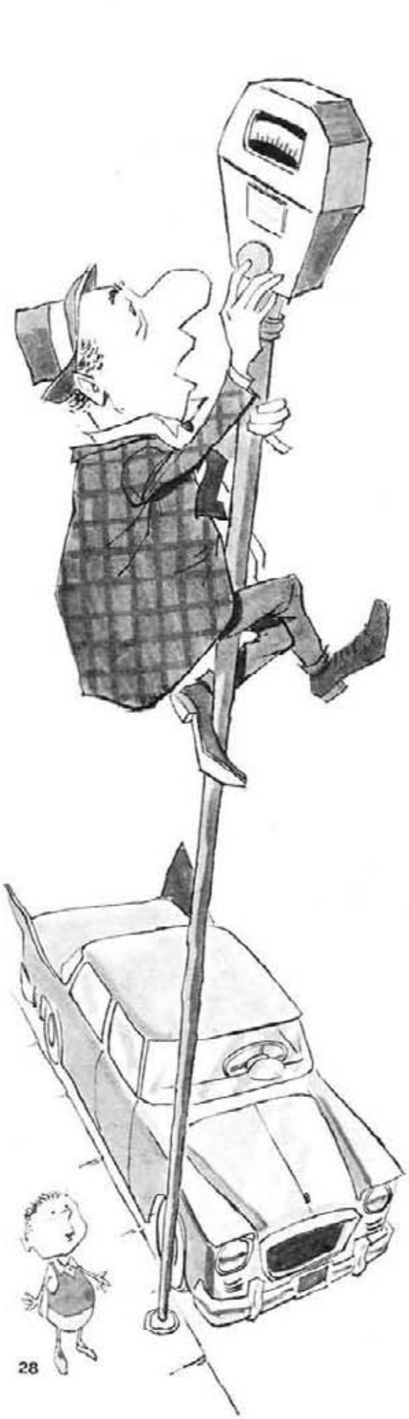
—Chester A. Arthur, in *Army Laffs*

RALLY 'ROUND THE FLAB, BOYS! DEPT.

There's been a lot of talk lately about how Americans are getting soft. Escalators, power steering, and push-button appliances are making life too easy for us. A recent network television documentary called "The Flabby American," called for a national physical fitness program to get

MAD'S PHYSICAL

Parking Meters on Tall Poles



High Straps on Busses and Trains



Raised Ticket Office Windows



Manually-Operated Doorbells



"Push" Signs on "Pull" Doors
(and vice versa)



people interested in exercising. Which is all very well, except that we at MAD know how it is with exercising. After all, how many push-ups can you do before the novelty wears off? What we need is to change America's living habits, and make people exercise unconsciously—by adopting . . .

WRITER: DEAN NORMAN
ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

FITNESS PROGRAM

Strong Springs on Mail Box Lids



Front Doors Without Steps



High Safety Islands



Heavy Telephone Receivers



Teeny Tiny Numbers on Scales



Bigger and Better Issues of MAD



**THE ALAMO "... we'll try not to remember it!"

"AD" LIBS DEPT.

Hey, gang! Here's a new feature in which we graphically illustrate our personal reactions to magazine advertisements by slight "MAD" editorial additions to the originals. Like f'rinstance recent "AIRLINE ADS"...



EXTRA CARE ON THE WORLD'S LARGEST JET FLEET

The United Air Lines stewardess, for example, who makes a ceremony of pinning junior wings on her young passengers.

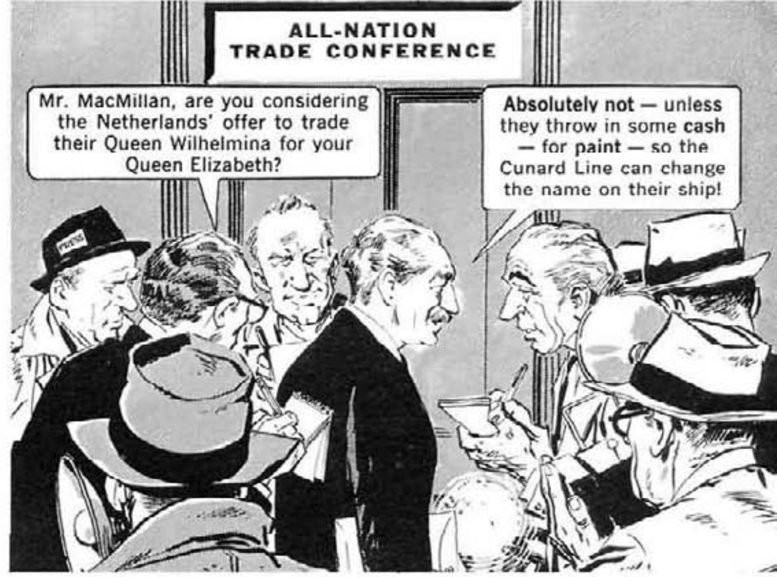
And then there's the Extra Care you don't see. Case in point, the meteorologist at United's weather center, largest in industry, who painstakingly plots the smoothest, swiftest route for your jet.

Jet quiet, comfort, speed—to the most U. S. cities—plus United's Extra Care . . . good reasons to ask your Travel Agent to book you on United. Or call us.

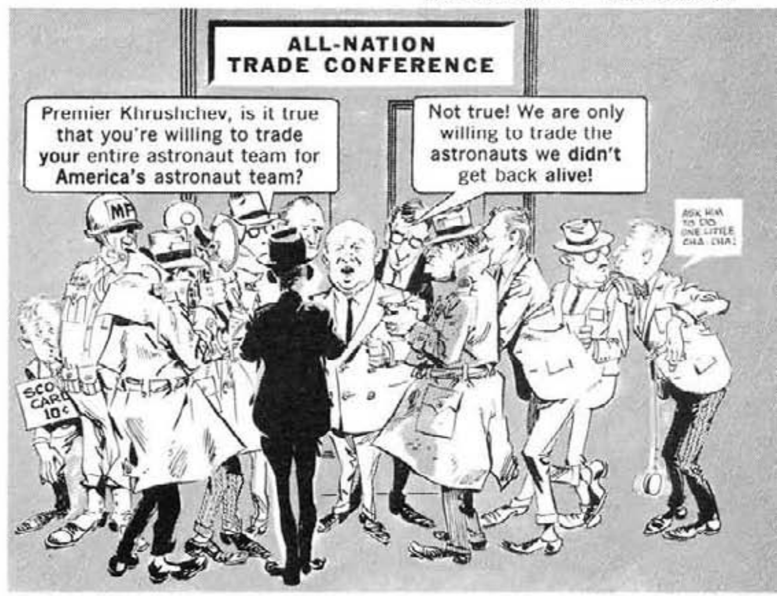
UNITED

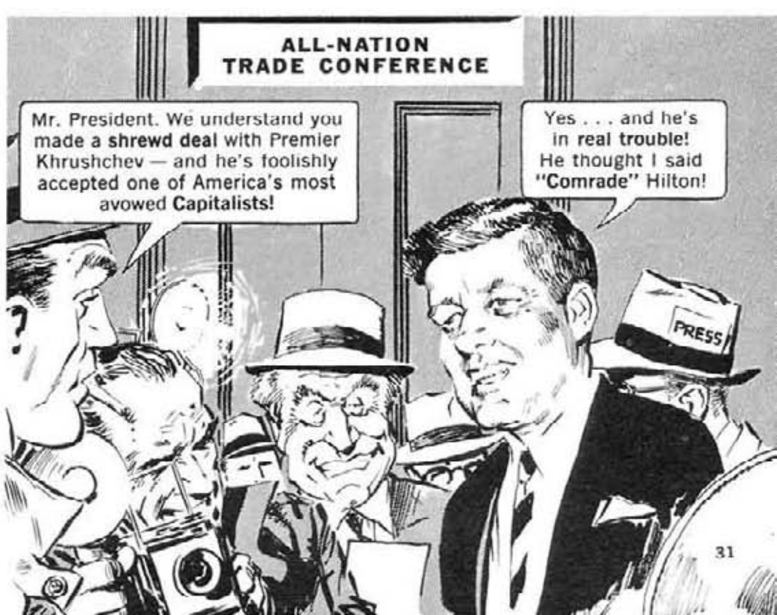
The baseball season is about over, and it won't be long now before owners of the Major League teams hold their annual winter meetings. It is at these meetings that they carry on responsible discussions about the expansion of baseball, and how to prevent the establishment of the Continental League. It is also at these meetings that they try to improve their teams by trading players they don't want or need for players other teams don't want or need. Then, we'll be reading about multi-player deals with three or four clubs shifting ballplayers like chessmen. Which got us thinking: Maybe the nations of the world can learn something from baseball. Maybe a country with two men of presidential calibre, f'rinstance, could trade one of them for a much needed college instructor. In short, we wonder what it would be like. . . .

IF COUNTRIES TRADED PEOPLE LIKE BASEBALL TEAMS DO



**PAY OR DIE ". . . we did, and it did!"





ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: GARY BELKIN

ALL-NATION TRA



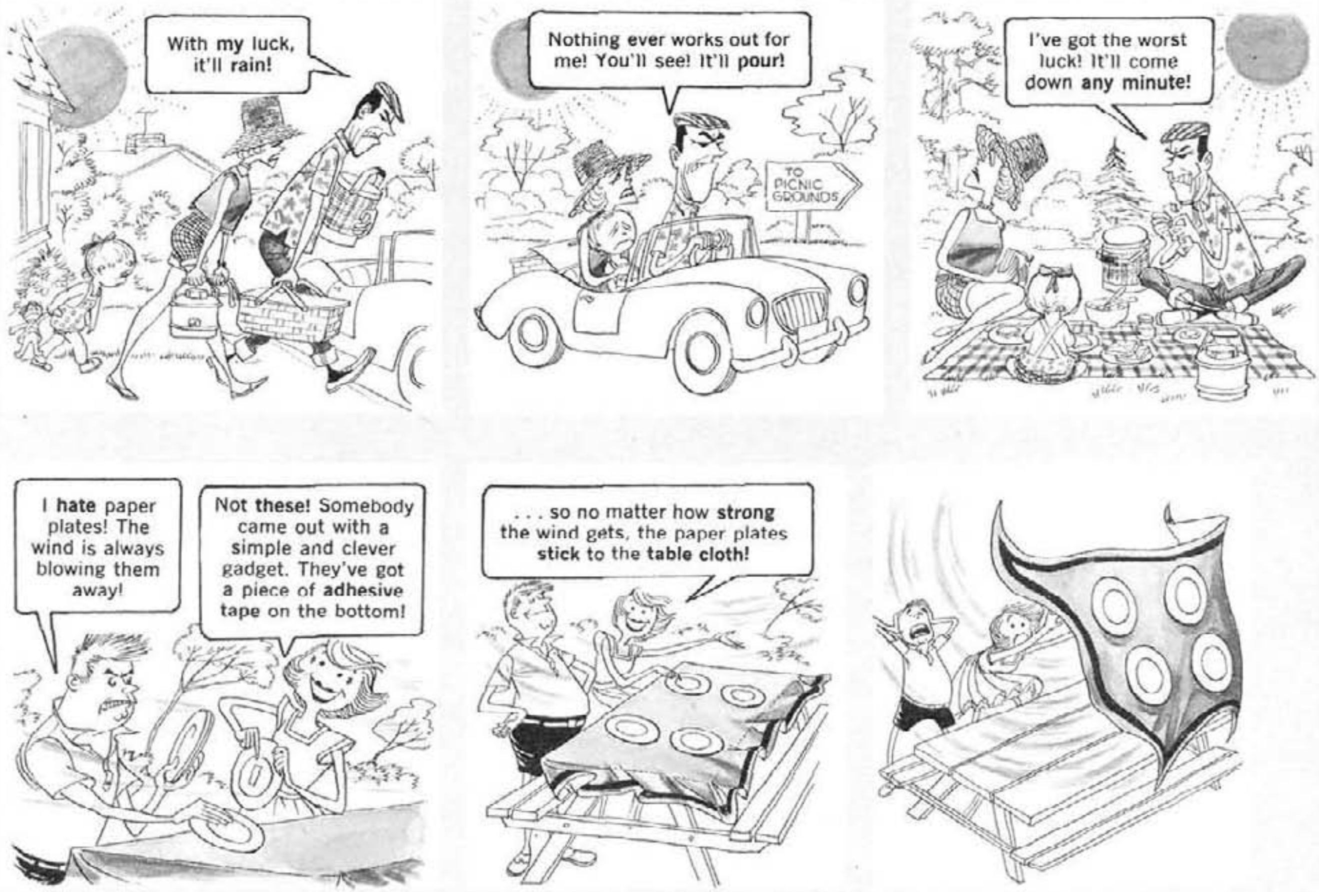

DE CONFERENCE
Well, I'll talk business if you can get me Nixon from the U.S.! Not that we really need him — we just want to throw rocks at him!
I've got somebody I'd like to get rid of — a left-winger who's soft on Communism!
No, thanks! I don't like Spanish food!
Faubus? No thanks! We don't need any of your liberals!
Tennis Players, anyone???
If you take Lucky Luciano, I'll throw in 6 gondoliers, 3 skiers, and an admiral!
What am I going to do with an admiral?
IF YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM EAT 'EM!
VENEZUELA
SPAIN
THE CONGO
UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA
AUSTRALIA
ITALY
SWITZERLAND
Listen, Mao . . . you get me Gomulka from Khrushchev, and I'll let you have my brother Raul and two left-wing generals!
You know, Fidel — if you didn't look so much like Lenin, I'd laugh in your face!
Like I was saying, Chuck, you get Von Braun from Kennedy, and I'll give you Malenkov and Mrs. Khrushchev for him . . .
You must want Von Braun pretty bad if you're willing to give up Malenkov! But the only thing I've got to interest Jack is Brigitte Bardot . . . and if I trade her, it's "Good-bye, Charlie!" . . . meaning me!
Overpopulation or not — I'm no "Indian Giver"!
America just traded Grace Metalious for William Shakespeare!
But Shakespeare is dead!
I still think America got the better of the deal!
CUBA
RED CHINA
USSR
FRANCE
IND

ANTS IN YOUR PLANS DEPT.

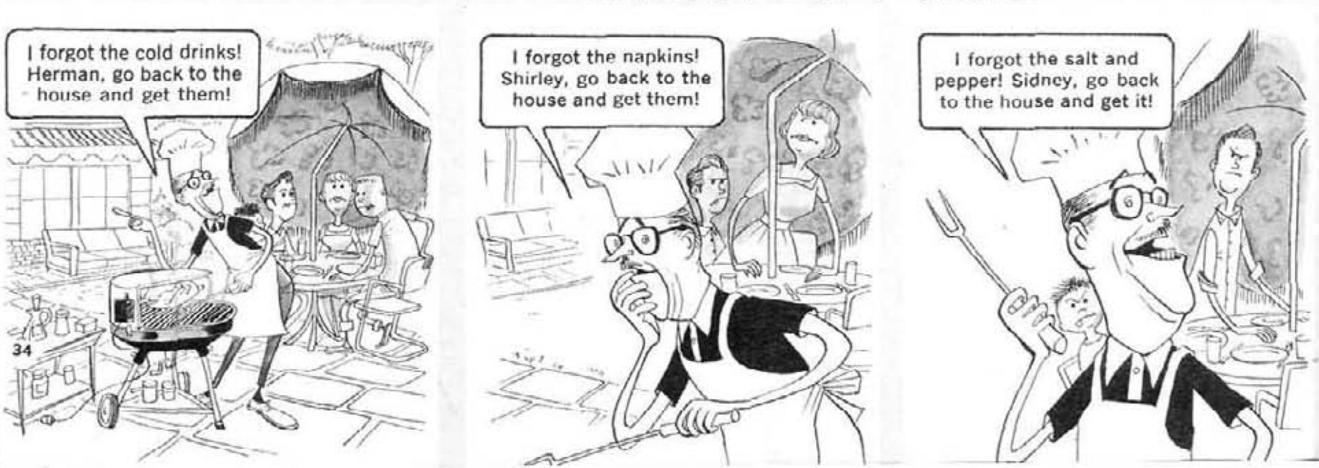
With our population exploding, and the building business booming, and our cities expanding into suburbs, and our suburbs expanding into other suburbs, it won't be long before the entire U.S.A. will be one solid hunk of concrete from border to border and ocean to ocean. And then, that good old American family sport, "The Picnic," will be as dead as last week's Rock 'n Roll hit. So, for the benefit of our great-grandchildren, who may be interested in what things were like in the good old days, here is

A MAD LOOK PICN

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG



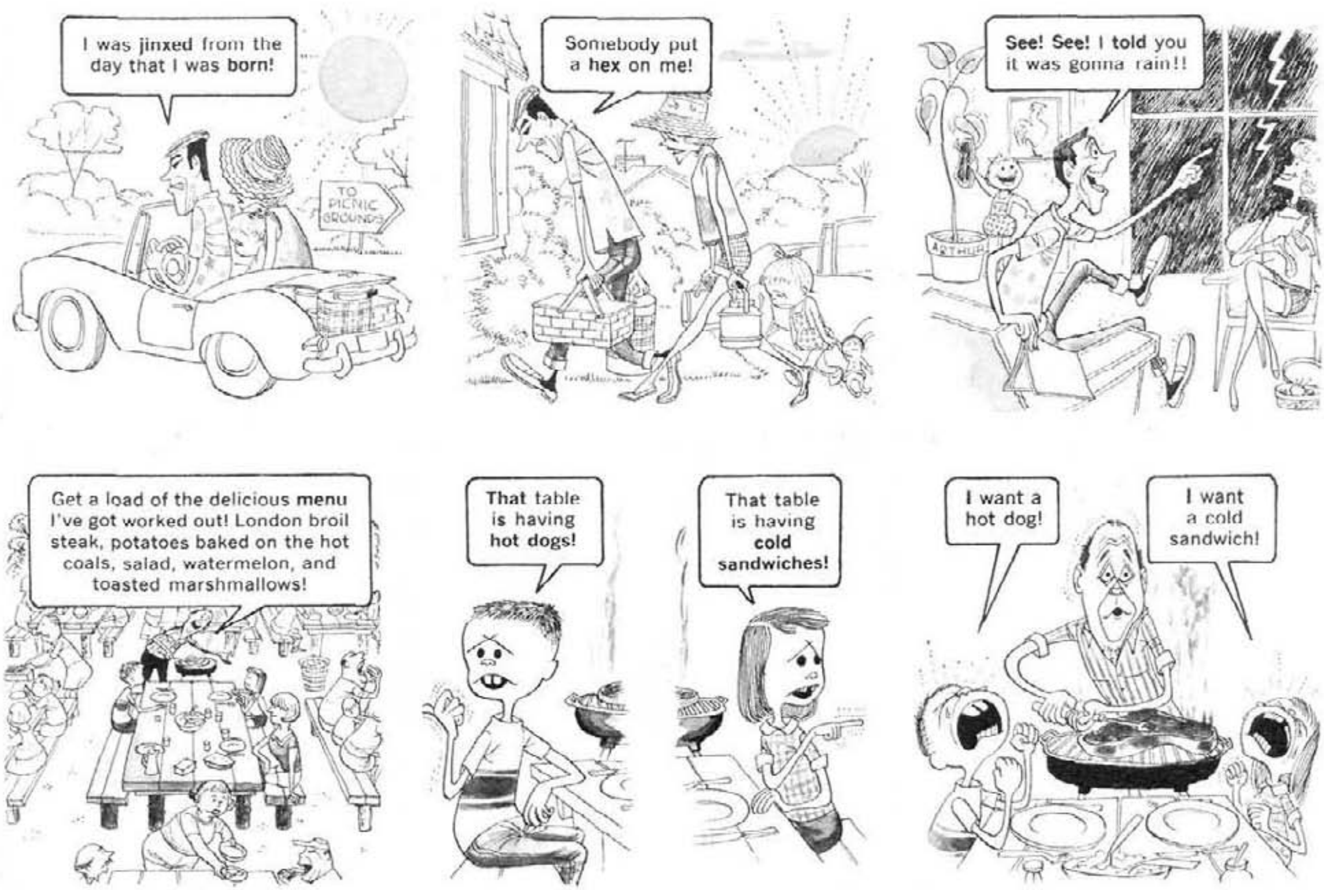
**CAN-CAN "... should have been left in it—left in it!"



**ROMANOFF AND JULIET "... the best entertainment was in the balcony"

AT
ICS



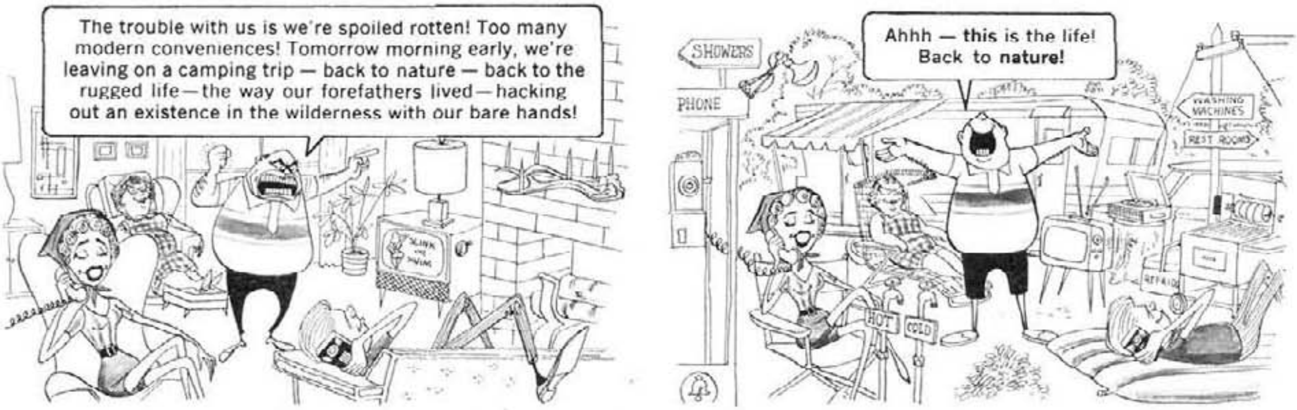


**BUTTERFIELD 8 "... the plot was Taylor-model"





**SONG WITHOUT END "... Lisztless!"



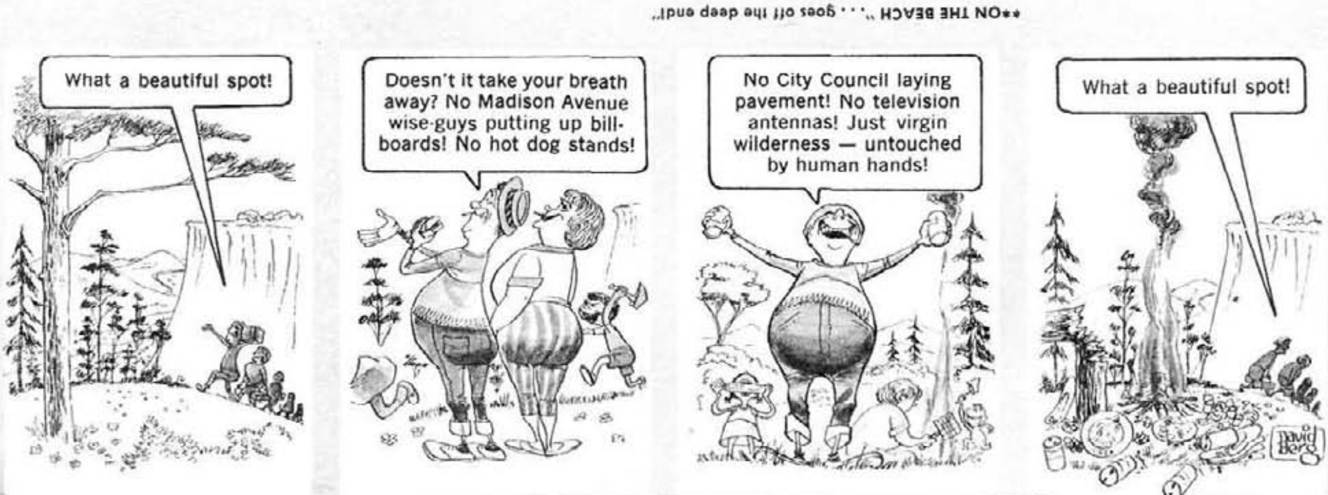


**PLEASE DON'T EAT THE DAISIES "... couldn't stomach it!"





**ON THE BEACH "...goes off the deep end!"

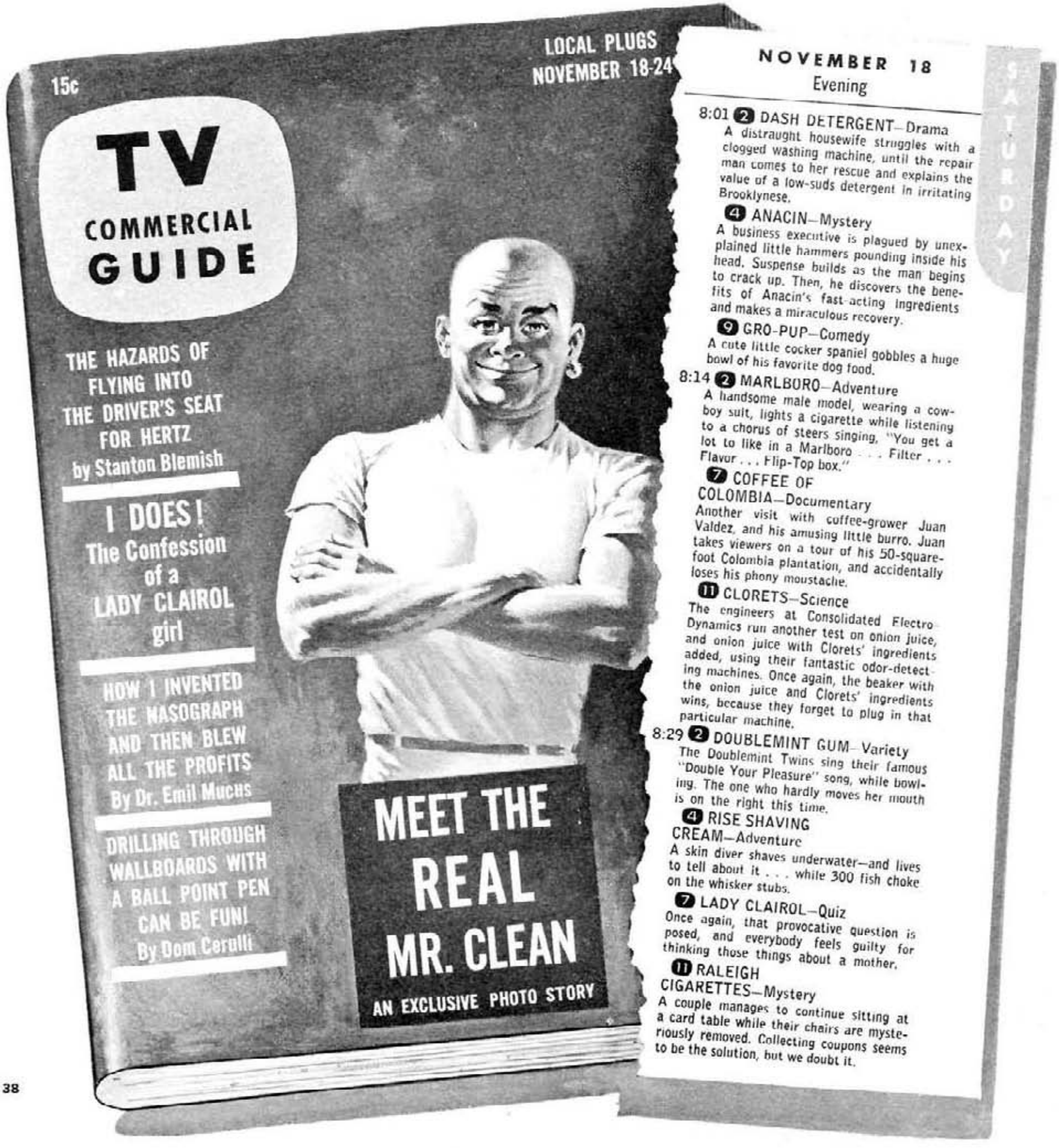


AND NOW A WORD FROM OUR ENTERTAINER DEPT.

The recent "Emmy Awards" (for the best shows on television) have convinced us of something we've suspected for a long time — namely: If this is TV's *best*, then we're in trouble! The more we think about it, the more we realize that, compared to the programs, the best part of television nowadays is the commercials! And why not? They have the most talented actors, the most creative writers, the catchiest music, the biggest budgets (minute-for-minute), and

**THE SAVAGE EYE "... couldn't be corned!"

WHEN TV COMMERCIALS



NOVEMBER 18
Evening

8:01 (2) DASH DETERGENT—Drama
A distraught housewife struggles with a clogged washing machine, until the repair man comes to her rescue and explains the value of a low-suds detergent in irritating Brooklynese.

(4) ANACIN—Mystery
A business executive is plagued by unexplained little hammers pounding inside his head. Suspense builds as the man begins to crack up. Then, he discovers the benefits of Anacin's fast-acting ingredients and makes a miraculous recovery.

(9) GRO-PUP—Comedy
A cute little cocker spaniel gobbles a huge bowl of his favorite dog food.

8:14 (2) MARLBORO—Adventure
A handsome male model, wearing a cowboy suit, lights a cigarette while listening to a chorus of steers singing, "You get a lot to like in a Marlboro . . . Filter . . . Flavor . . . Flip-Top box."

(7) COFFEE OF COLOMBIA—Documentary
Another visit with coffee-grower Juan Valdez, and his amusing little burro. Juan takes viewers on a tour of his 50-square-foot Colombia plantation, and accidentally loses his phony moustache.

(11) CLORETS—Science
The engineers at Consolidated Electro Dynamics run another test on onion juice, and onion juice with Clorets' ingredients added, using their fantastic odor-detecting machines. Once again, the beaker with the onion juice and Clorets' ingredients wins, because they forget to plug in that particular machine.

8:29 (2) DOUBLEMINT GUM—Variety
The Doublemint Twins sing their famous "Double Your Pleasure" song, while bowling. The one who hardly moves her mouth is on the right this time.

(4) RISE SHAVING CREAM—Adventure
A skin diver shaves underwater—and lives to tell about it . . . while 300 fish choke on the whisker stubs.

(7) LADY CLAIROL—Quiz
Once again, that provocative question is posed, and everybody feels guilty for thinking those things about a mother.

(11) RALEIGH CIGARETTES—Mystery
A couple manages to continue sitting at a card table while their chairs are mysteriously removed. Collecting coupons seems to be the solution, but we doubt it.

certainly offer the best entertainment. Now, we read where ABC-TV is increasing its time-segments allotted for commercials. Naturally the other networks (never ones to turn down a quick buck) will follow suit. And the pattern that has become so painfully obvious continues — TV plugs getting longer and more numerous, interrupting shows, surrounding station-breaks, jamming in between programs, and slowly approaching the point in the not-too-distant future . . .

TAKE OVER COMPLETELY

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: SY REIT



TV in Review by Jack Gold

Your reviewer must confess to a distinct feeling of disappointment in last night's new Parliament Commerical (Channel 4, 8:01 to 8:02 PM), especially after the network's publicity buildup over recent weeks.

The basic theme of this pitch, though valid, was handled in a trite way; the pacing and acting was poor; and the dialogue just didn't ring true. On the other hand, the close-up of the cigarette, shown at the climax of the show, was strikingly photographed, and very believable.



The main story line dealt with the "extra margin" needed in many feats of daring — in this case, driving a racing car. What the author seemed to be saying (if I got his message correctly) is that, just as a racing car driver needs an extra margin of safety and protection, so do today's smokers need an extra margin of safety and protection in their cigarettes. In this case, the extra margin is purportedly supplied by the special ¼ inch recessed filter on each Parliament.

Well, it's an interesting theme, and one that can stand plenty of airing on television. I'm all for good, healthy controversy. But I do feel that the point could have been made more convincingly. The first twelve or fourteen seconds, as the cars zoomed around the track, were admittedly fascinating. But the dramatic impact went steadily downhill from there on, and by the time the minute was over, your reviewer's head was beginning to nod. The best that can be said for this new commercial is "adequate". I hope, however, that my views will not discourage other television ad copywriters from tackling this important and worthwhile theme more successfully.





TV-COMMERCIALS *VARIETY*

BUG PLUG SLUGS DRUGS

For the third time running, **Johnson's Wax's "Raid"** plug out-rated all competing pitches on the nation's video waves.

The **"Raid"** 60-seconder, aired at 8:49 PM (EST) last night, racked up a healthy **28.9 Nielsen.** Running opposite it on major channels were two drug product plugs, **Dristan** and **Bromo-Seltzer,** which grabbed ratings of 16.4 and 11.2 respectively.

Raid's 28.9 rating projects out to a total viewership of 13,500,000 — an impressive chunk of prime time audience. Success of the pitch will prove bright feathers in the caps of both sponsor and agency, who mother-henned the **Johnson** project together.

All-time record for commercial viewership was set by **Westinghouse** on June 4, 1960, when **Betty Furness** couldn't get her refrigerator door open.

* * * *

VID-AD CHATTER: Bert and **Harry Piel** to West Coast . . . **Alpo Dog Food's** beagle, **Flossie,** the mother of sextuplets . . . Model **Henrietta Kowznofski** overcome by smoke-poisoning while filming recent **Kools** commercial . . . **Seymour Flinch,** ex-pitchman for **Noxema** Shave Cream, growing a beard . . . **Melvin Crubb,** inquiring reporter for **Skippy Peanut Butter,** down with laryngitis again . . . **Rocky Fink,** the **Dash** Washer-Repairman, attending the **Berlitz** School of Languages to brush up on his Brooklynese . . . **Sidney Zitzlaff** run out of Elm City on a rail for not using **Comet** . . . **Bess Myerson** ordered four new pocketbooks especially designed to hold cans of **Ajax** . . . **Manners, The Butler,** recuperating from savage attack by Parakeet during filming of recent **Kleenex Table Napkin** pitch . . . **INSIDE TIP:** Know why **Helena Rubinstein's** hands always have that soft, smooth, delicate look? She uses **Jergens Lotion!** . . . **Newton N. Minow** resigned FCC chairmanship in disgust. Rumor is, he couldn't take it!

**PSYCHO "... Crazy, man!"



++THE MOUSE THAT ROARED "...a squeaker!"



Dear American Airlines:
Your food looks simply delicious
but I really...CHOKE...don't think
I'm...GAG...very hungry right
now~~~~GLACKKKAK!!!

Superior meals, Mr. Andrews, is another reason why American Airlines is first choice of experienced travelers. We offer 85 menus, each prepared by skilled chefs in our special Flight Kitchens, and served "fresh-cooked." We call it *excitement in food*—our recipe for happy passengers.

AMERICAN AIRLINES
America's Leading Airline

BIG-TIME OPERETTA DEPT.

**THE APARTMENT "... left us flat!"

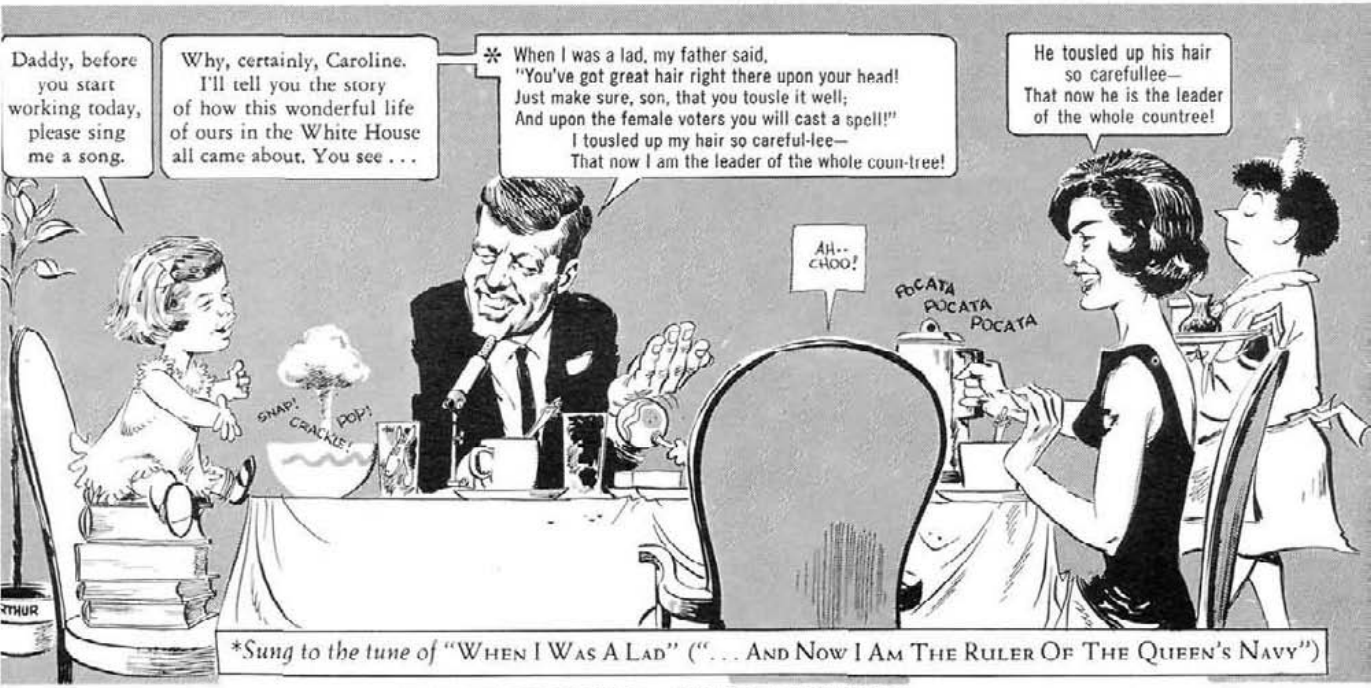
Gilbert and Sullivan are famous for their operettas, and will long be remembered for their clever and light-hearted satire. MAD, on the other hand is notorious for its articles, and will hardly be remembered for its idiotic and heavy-handed satire. So, in a desperate effort to alter its corporate image, the clod-staff of

MAD MAGAZINE

(With apologies to Gilbert and Sullivan)

PRESENTS

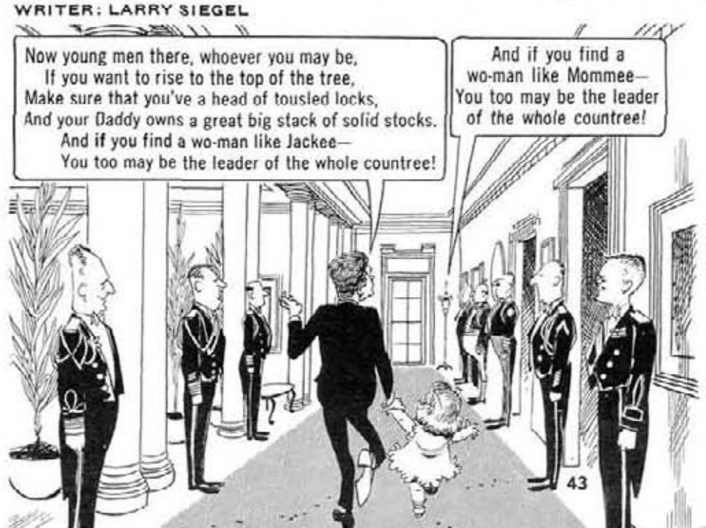
A DAY WITH J-F-K

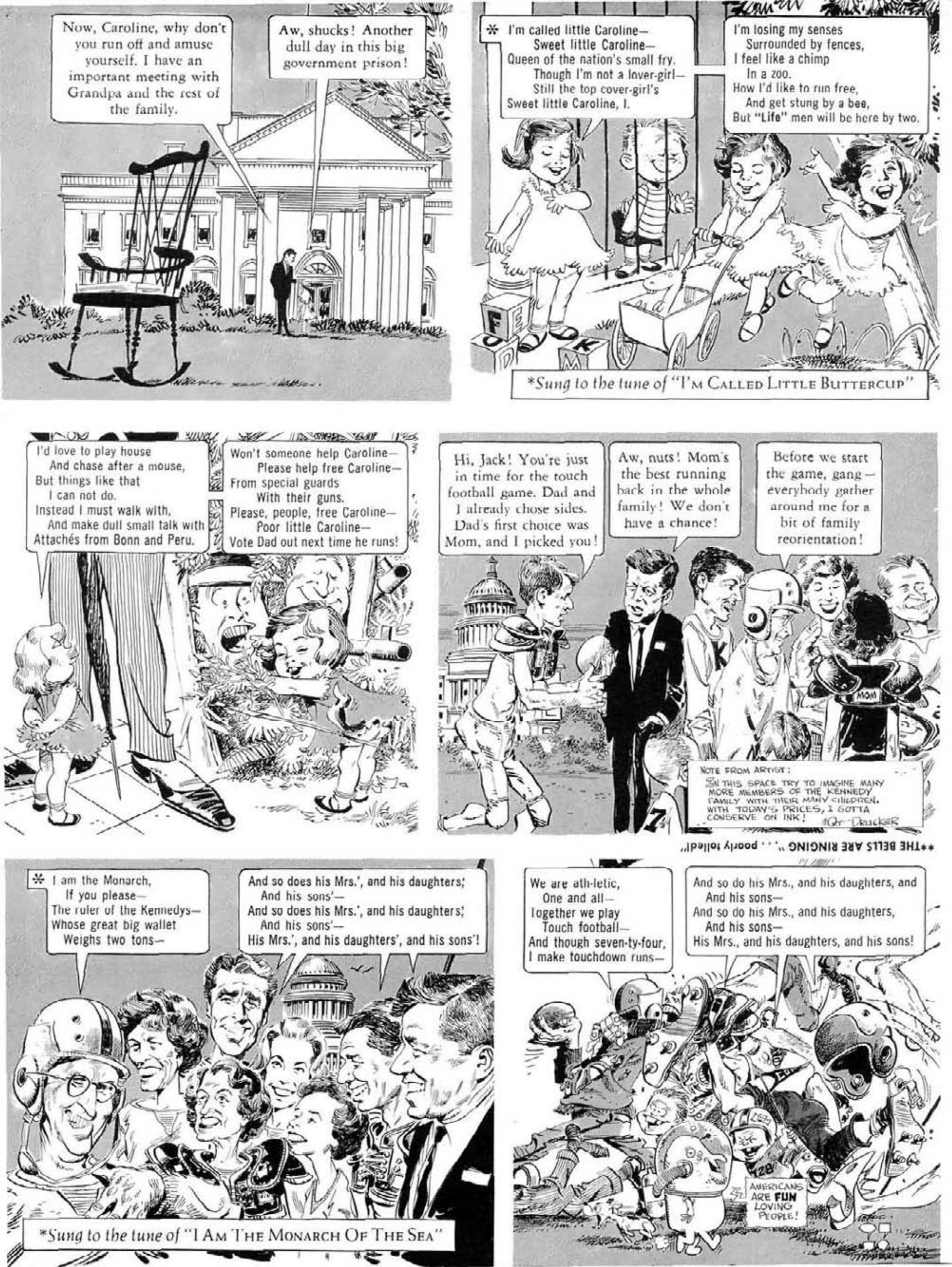


*Sung to the tune of "WHEN I WAS A LAD" ("... AND NOW I AM THE RULER OF THE QUEEN'S NAVY")

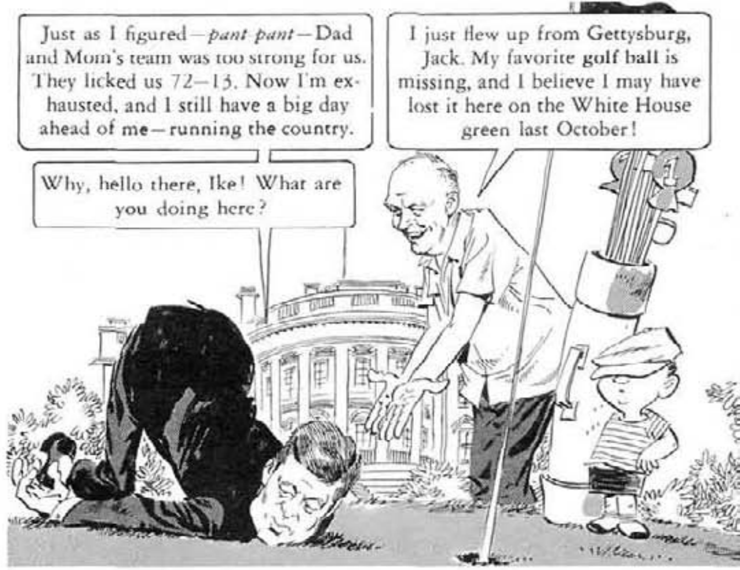
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL






Now, Caroline, why don't you run off and amuse yourself. I have an important meeting with Grandpa and the rest of the family.
Aw, shucks! Another dull day in this big government prison!
* I'm called little Caroline— Sweet little Caroline— Queen of the nation's small fry. Though I'm not a lover-girl— Still the top cover-girl's Sweet little Caroline, I.
I'm losing my senses Surrounded by fences, I feel like a chimp In a zoo. How I'd like to run free, And get stung by a bee, But "Life" men will be here by two.
*Sung to the tune of "I'm Called Little Buttercup"
I'd love to play house And chase after a mouse, But things like that I can not do. Instead I must walk with, And make dull small talk with Attachés from Bonn and Peru.
Won't someone help Caroline— Please help free Caroline— From special guards With their guns. Please, people, free Caroline— Poor little Caroline— Vote Dad out next time he runs!
Hi, Jack! You're just in time for the touch football game. Dad and I already chose sides. Dad's first choice was Mom, and I picked you!
Aw, nuts! Mom's the best running back in the whole family! We don't have a chance!
Before we start the game, gang— everybody gather around me for a bit of family reorientation!
MOM
NOTE FROM ARTIST: IN THIS SPACE TRY TO IMAGINE MANY MORE MEMBERS OF THE KENNEDY FAMILY WITH THEIR MANY CHILDREN. WITH TODAY'S PRICES, I GOTTA CONSERVE ON INK! Drucker
**THE BELLS ARE RINGING "... poorly tolled!"
* I am the Monarch, If you please— The ruler of the Kennedys— Whose great big wallet Weighs two tons—
And so does his Mrs.', and his daughters,' And his sons'— And so does his Mrs.', and his daughters,' And his sons'— His Mrs.', and his daughters', and his sons'!
*Sung to the tune of "I Am The Monarch Of The Sea"
We are ath-letic, One and all— Together we play Touch football— And though seven-ty-four, I make touchdown runs—
And so do his Mrs., and his daughters, and And his sons— And so do his Mrs., and his daughters, And his sons— His Mrs., and his daughters, and his sons!
AMERICANS ARE FUN LOVING PEOPLE!





**BEN-HUR ". . . loved Ben, hated Hur!"



*Sung to the tune of "I AM THE VERY MODEL OF A MODERN MAJOR GENERAL"



MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE WHITE HOUSE . . .





* Three little candidates are we,
Waiting for '64 with glee,
Each a potential nominee—ee . . .
Three little candidates—
One represents the liberal left—
As a middle-roader one is deft—
The right side's where one gets his heft—
Three little candidates—
*Sung to the tune of "Three Little Maids From School Are We"
Three candidates who wait and tarry,
Watching the polls so cool and wary,
Nelson and Dick and good old Barry—
Three little candidates—
One candidate's got a winning smile—
One Candidate's quite versatile—
One's got that 19th Century style—
Three little candidates—
Take . . . two candidates away from three—
One candidate remains and he—
Carries the ball for the G.O.P.
Three little candidates—
Three little candidates who wait and tarry,
Watching the polls so cool and wary,
Nelson and Dick and good old Barry—
Three little candidates—
Three little **CAN**-di-dates!
Hi, Dick! What happened to Nelson and Barry?
They had to leave, Jack. You know—pressing engagements. They told me to tell you to contact them again next week and reschedule our meeting. Now, if you'll excuse me, I've got to run also . . .
Gosh, it was nice seeing Dick again. The last time we chatted was down in Florida right after I beat him in the election. I can remember that little talk we had as if it were yesterday . . .
**WHO WAS THAT LADY? ". . . Mrs. Completely!"
* In a house by the ocean Dick Nixon cried out,
"Damn that TV, damn TV, damn TV!"
And I said to him, "Dickie-boy, why do you shout,
'Damn that TV, damn TV, damn TV!'?
"Is it Westerns you hate so intensely?" I cried,
"Do those Private Eye shows make you sick deep inside?"
"None of those, it's the lousy debates!" he replied.
"Damn TV, it killed me, damn TV!"
Now I feel that as sure as I still hear him moan,
"Damn that TV, damn TV, damn TV!"
That he had every right to so sadly intone,
"Damn that TV, damn TV, damn TV!"
And so when re-election time comes rolling by,
Should I find my opponent more handsome than I,
You can bet that you'll hear me give out with this cry:
"No TV! No TV! No TV!"
*Sung to the tune of "Tit Willow"
Well, thank goodness another day is over. I just have time to shave and dress for the White House ball. Pierre, as my Press Secretary, I hope you have arranged everything!
Yes, Jack. I've pressed your tuxedo, and I've pressed your dress shirt and white tie . . .

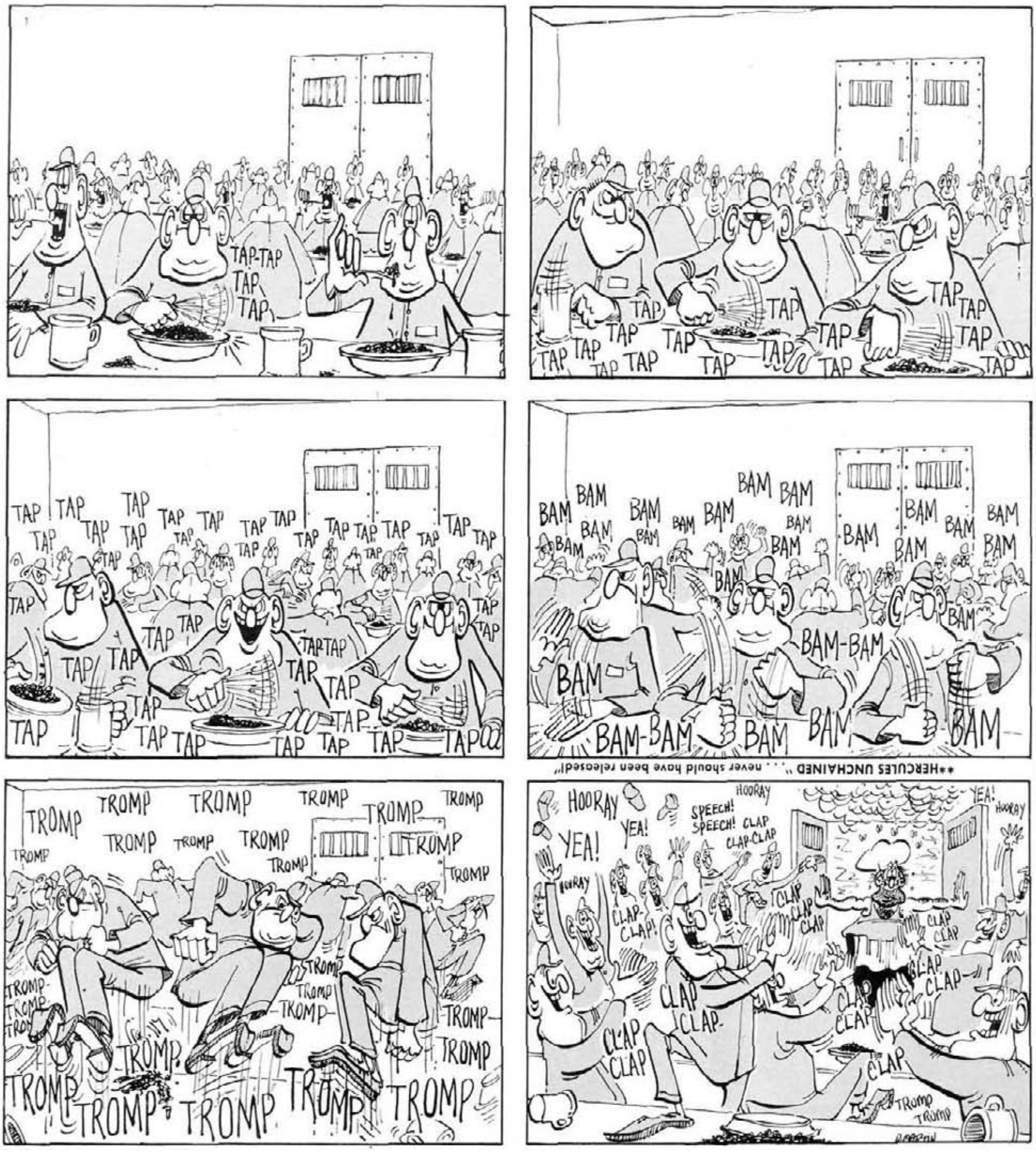


Hello, Frank! Quite a party you've got going here tonight. I must say that I owe you and your group a vote of thanks for the fine shindigs you've been throwing for me here in the White House since I was elected . . .
Aw, forget it, buddy-boy! After all . . .
* I am the Captain of the Show Biz Clan, And a right good Captain, too! I've been for J-F-K . . . You might say "All The Way". . . And so was my right good crew!
He's been for J-F-K . . . You might say "All The Way". . . And so was his Right good crew!
PING A DING DING!
*Sung to the tune of "I AM THE CAPTAIN OF THE PINAFORE"
Right here in Washington, My old and dear friend Jack My counsel always shares. My forté's benefits, And char-i-table bits, But it's never, never Foreign Affairs!
What, never?
No, never!
What, never?
Well . . . hardly ever!
It's hardly ever Foreign Affairs!
Then . . . give three cheers— Let's hear it, Man— For the mighty Captain of the Show Biz Clan! Then give three cheers— Let's hear it, Man— For the Captain of the Show Biz Clan!
I'm always there when Jack needs me most, With my hip Show Business train. With Jo-ey, Pete, and Dean, And Sam, I make the scene— Not to mention Shirl MacLaine!
With Joey, Pete, and Dean, And Sam, he makes the scene— Not to mention Shirl MacLaine!
I dig this White House pad; It's just a gasser, Dad; Its assets I must applaud. I love to come and crash Each fancy white tie bash, But I never steal a Senator's broad!
What, never?
No, never!
What, never?
Well . . . hardly ever!
I WOULDN'T HAVE MISSED THIS PARTY FOR ANYTHING!
THAT FRANK SURE CAN THROW A PARTY!
**THE UNFORGIVEN "... our feelings for those responsible!"
He rarely steals a Senator's broad!
Then . . . give three cheers— Let's hear it, Man— For the might Captain of the Show Biz Clan! Then give three cheers— Let's hear it, Man— F O R . . . the Captain of the Show Biz Clan!
Daddy, I can't sleep! You're all making too much noise down here. Sing me a song . . .
All right, Caroline. One quick song, and then it's off to bed with you!
* When I was a candidate, you see, I stormed the country with my family. We went by busses and by plane and yacht, And although I seldom said much, I sure smiled a lot. I smiled a lot and beamed so boyishly— That now I am the leader of the whole countree!
He smiled a lot and beamed so boyishly— That now he is the leader of the whole . . . C O U N-TREEEEEEE!
ANYBODY HAVE A MATCH?
*Sung to the tune of "WHEN I WAS A LAD" (Reprise)

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

Don Martin spent some time in prison recently due to a typographical error. His papers read: "Admit Mr. Martin to the Big House" instead of "Admit Mr. Martin to the Bug House"! Before the mistake could be rectified, and Don could be sent on to the proper institution for observation, he did some observing of his own. For example, he watched:

The Prison Mess Hall Riot

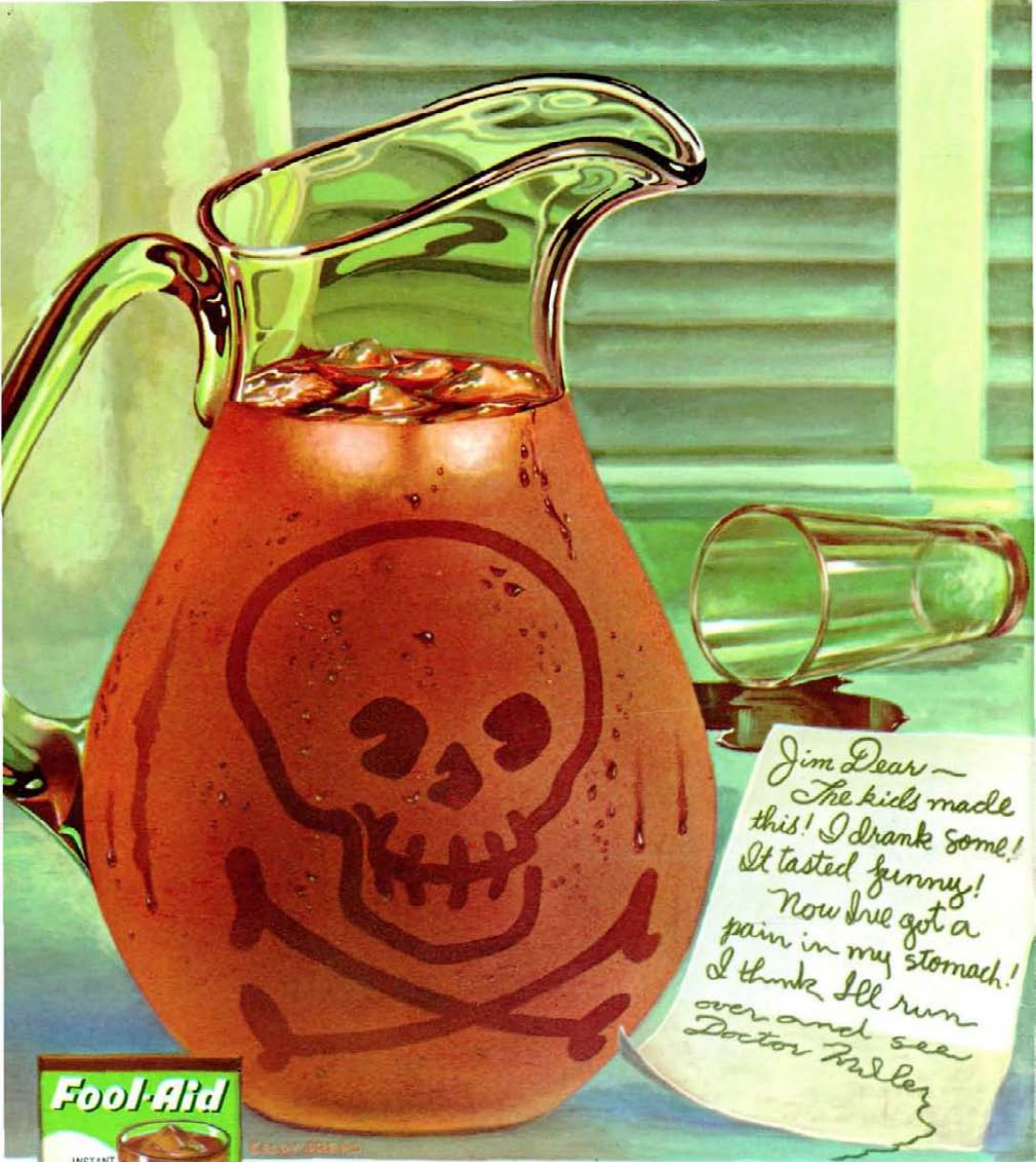


MAD'S PICTURE OF THE ISSUE

Premier Nikita Khrushchev greets Miss Cherry Thompson, daughter of Ambassador Llewellyn Thompson, at the U.S. Embassy July 4th Reception, Moscow, U.S.S.R.



UPI PHOTO





There's always need for Fool-Aid. The hideous grin on the pitcher tells you it's indispensable. Warm weather brings out hordes of enterprising kids who set up soft drink stands in every neighborhood. The only trouble is: you can't be sure what the little monsters use to make the stuff. So be prepared! Always carry Fool-Aid — the instant antidote for poisons taken internally.

GENERAL FOOLS PROTECTION